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TM



DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



REQUIEM!

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!®

REQUIEM FOR A PUG!

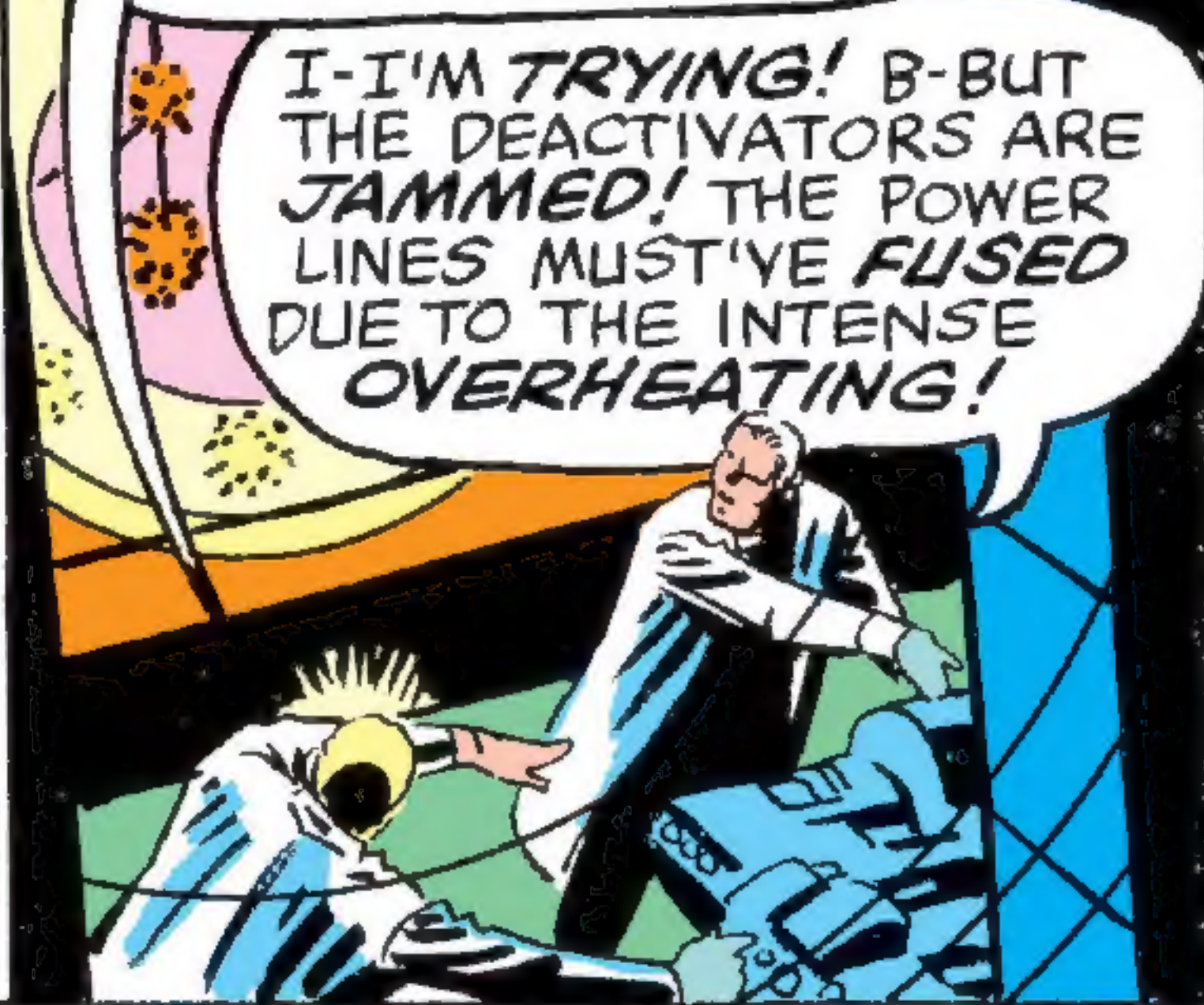
OUR STORY BEGINS HERE, AT THE ENRICO FERMI RESEARCH CENTER IN THE HEART OF MANHATTAN...

OH, NO, TOOMEY! THE MONITOR! L-LOOK AT IT!



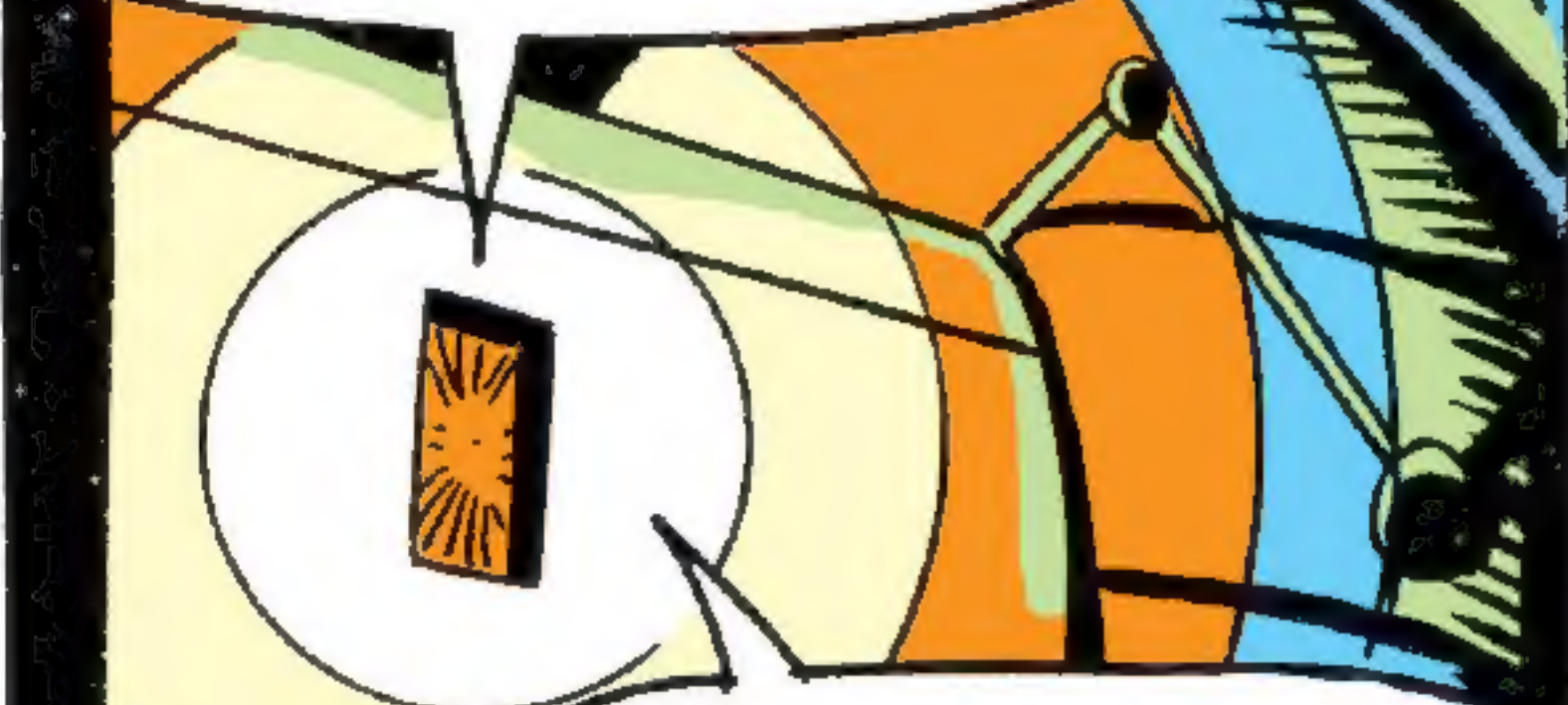
THE MESON-REACTOR! IT'S PUTTING OUT SIX... SEVEN TIMES AS MUCH RADIATION AS IT SHOULD BE! CAN'T YOU SHUT IT DOWN?

I-I'M TRYING! B-BUT THE DEACTIVATORS ARE JAMMED! THE POWER LINES MUST'VE FUSED DUE TO THE INTENSE OVERHEATING!



W-WE NEED A MIRACLE, TOOMEY! AND WE NEED IT FAST! B-BECAUSE IF WE DON'T GET ONE WITHIN THE NEXT THREE MINUTES, THE MESON-REACTOR'S GOING TO EXPLODE--

-- AND WHEN IT DOES, IT'S GOING TO TAKE HALF OF NEW YORK CITY WITH IT!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, NOT FAR AWAY...

UNUSUAL RADIATION OF SOME KIND... EMANATING FROM THAT CONCRETE BUILDING!.. DISTORTING MY RADAR SENSE! AND THOSE VOICES COMING FROM INSIDE... THEY SOUND FRIGHTENED, AGITATED!



IT TAKES BUT SECONDS FOR THE RED-CLAD AVENGER TO REACH THE RESEARCH CENTER. AND WHEN HE DOES...

THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE HERE, DAREDEVIL! I-IF ANYONE MIGHT BE ABLE TO AVERT THIS CATASTROPHE, IT'S YOU!

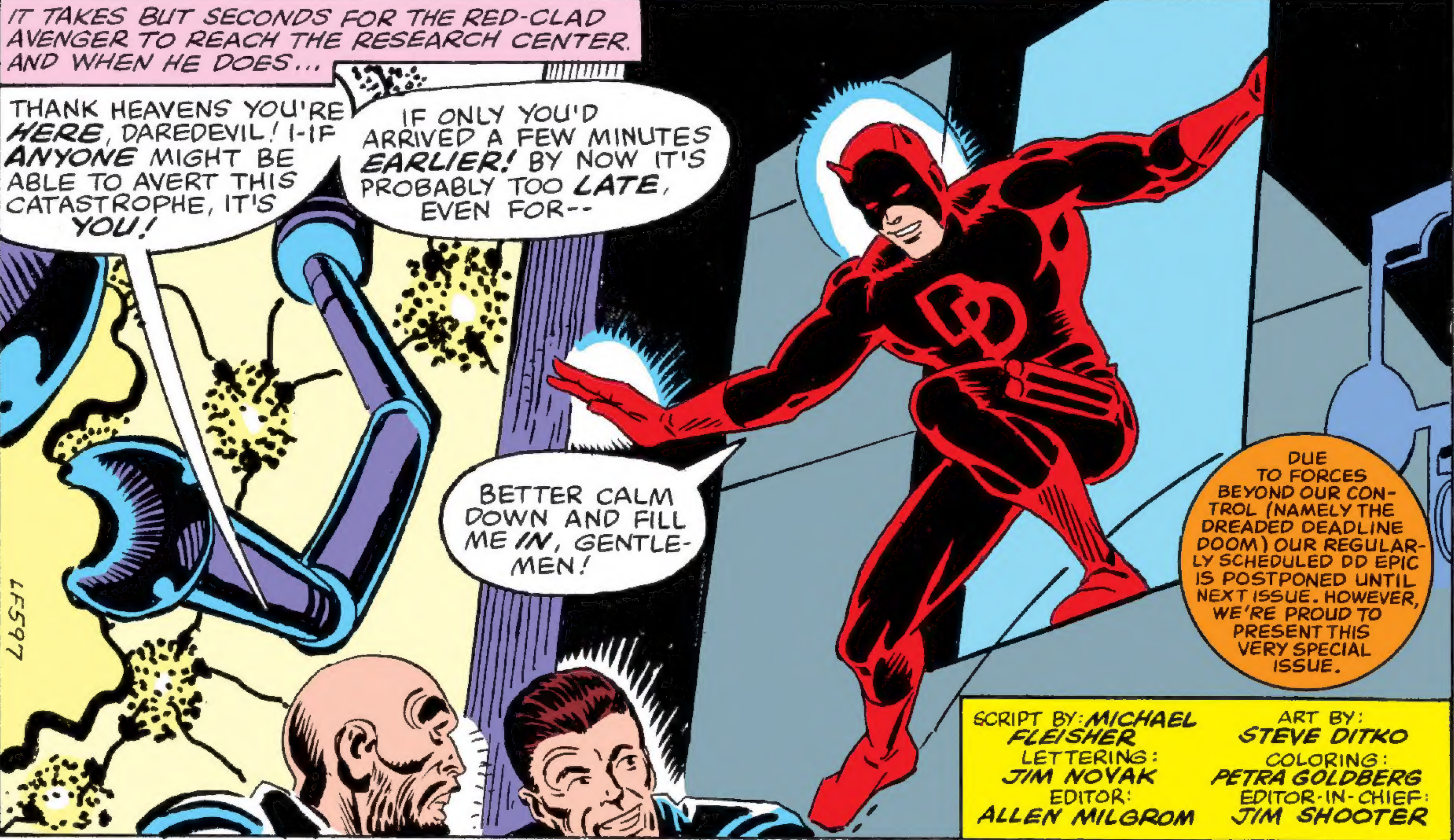
IF ONLY YOU'D ARRIVED A FEW MINUTES EARLIER! BY NOW IT'S PROBABLY TOO LATE, EVEN FOR--

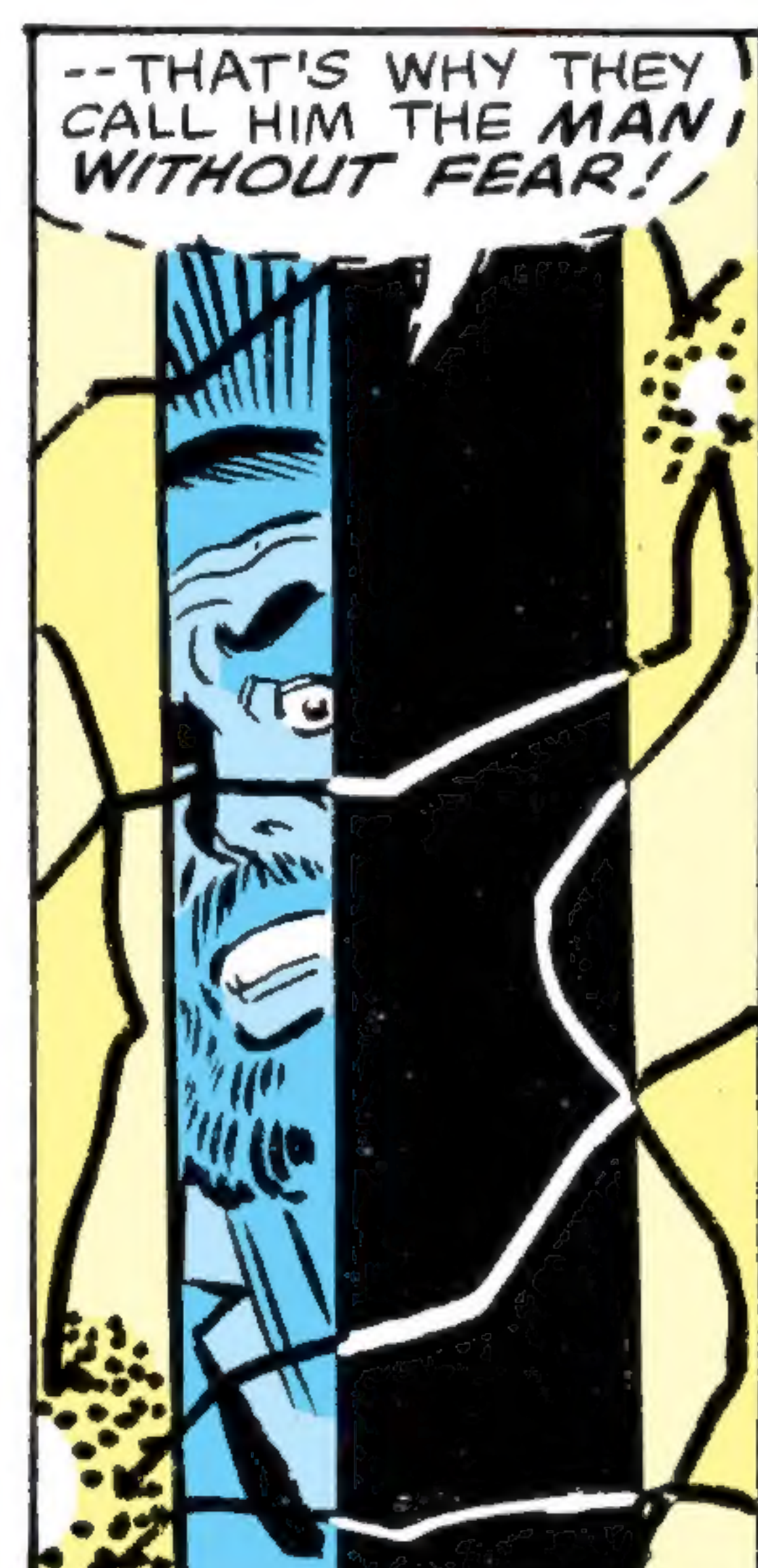
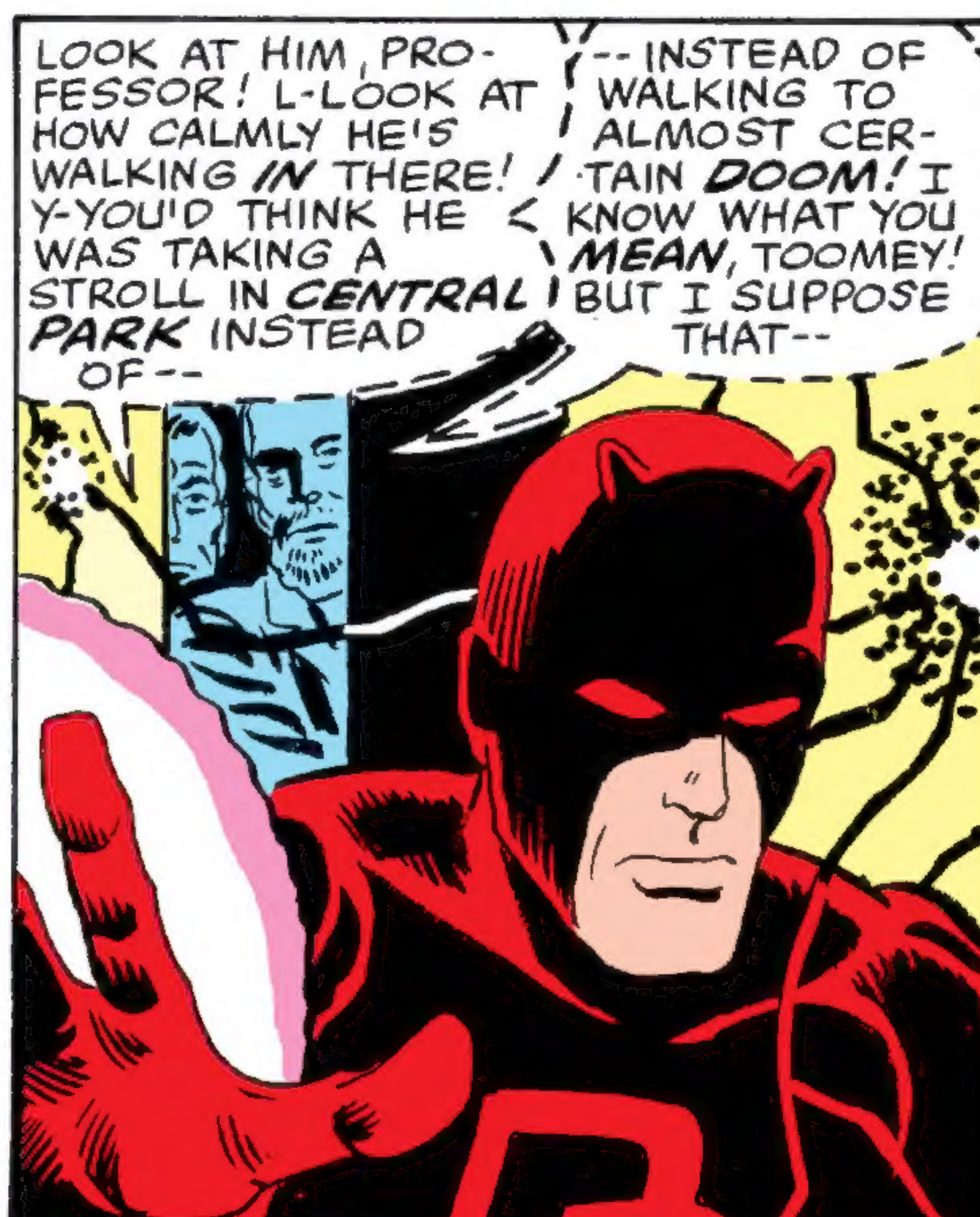
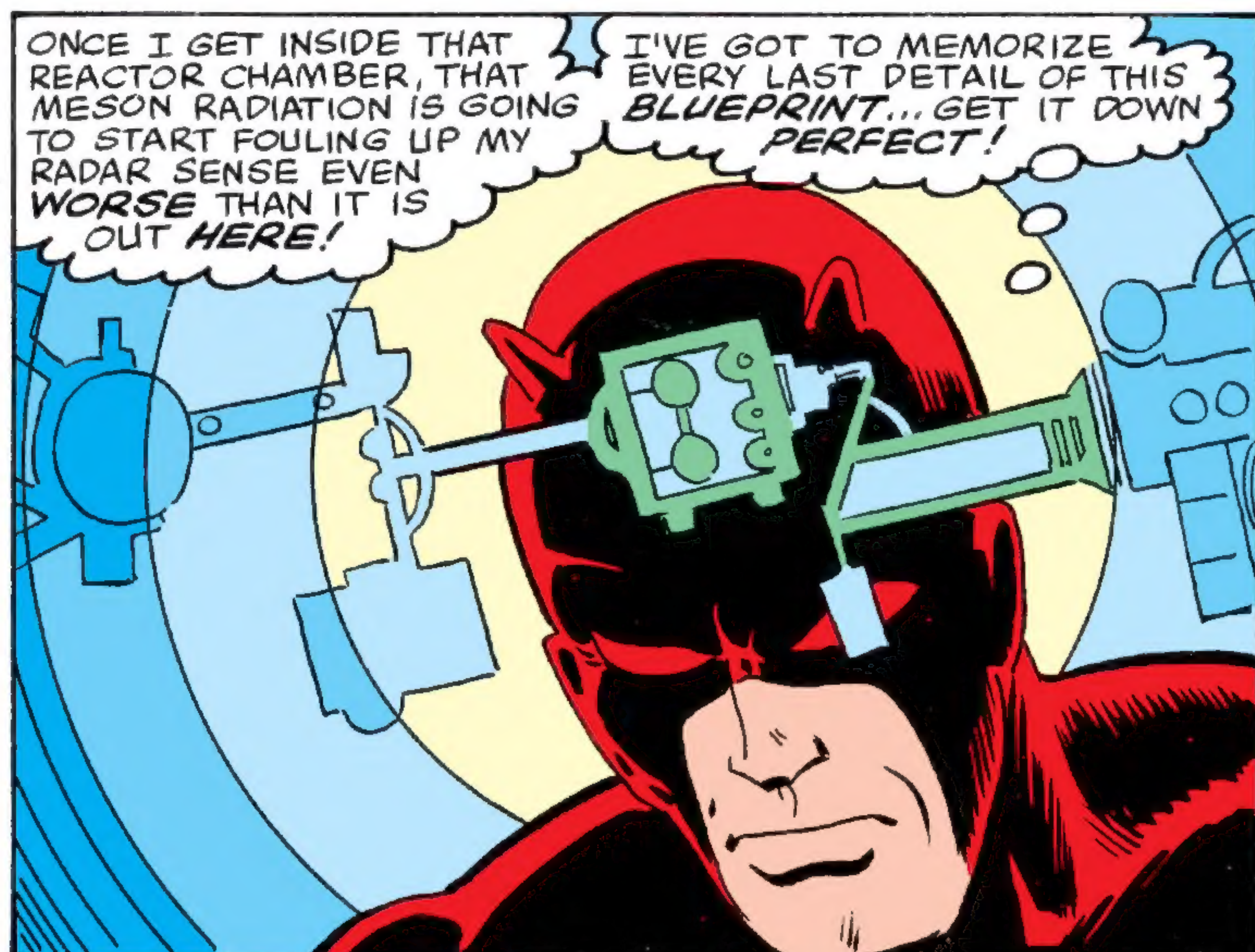
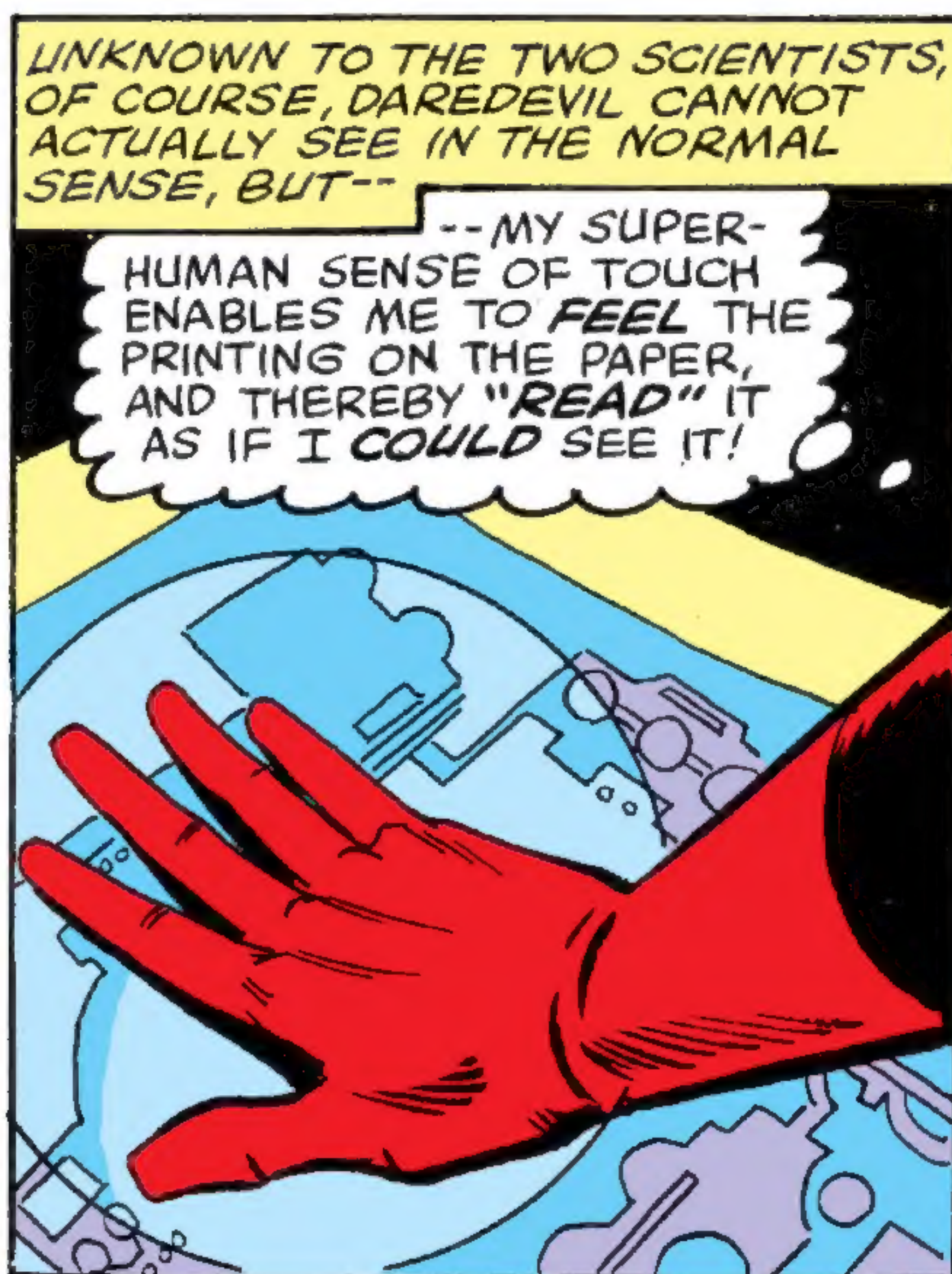
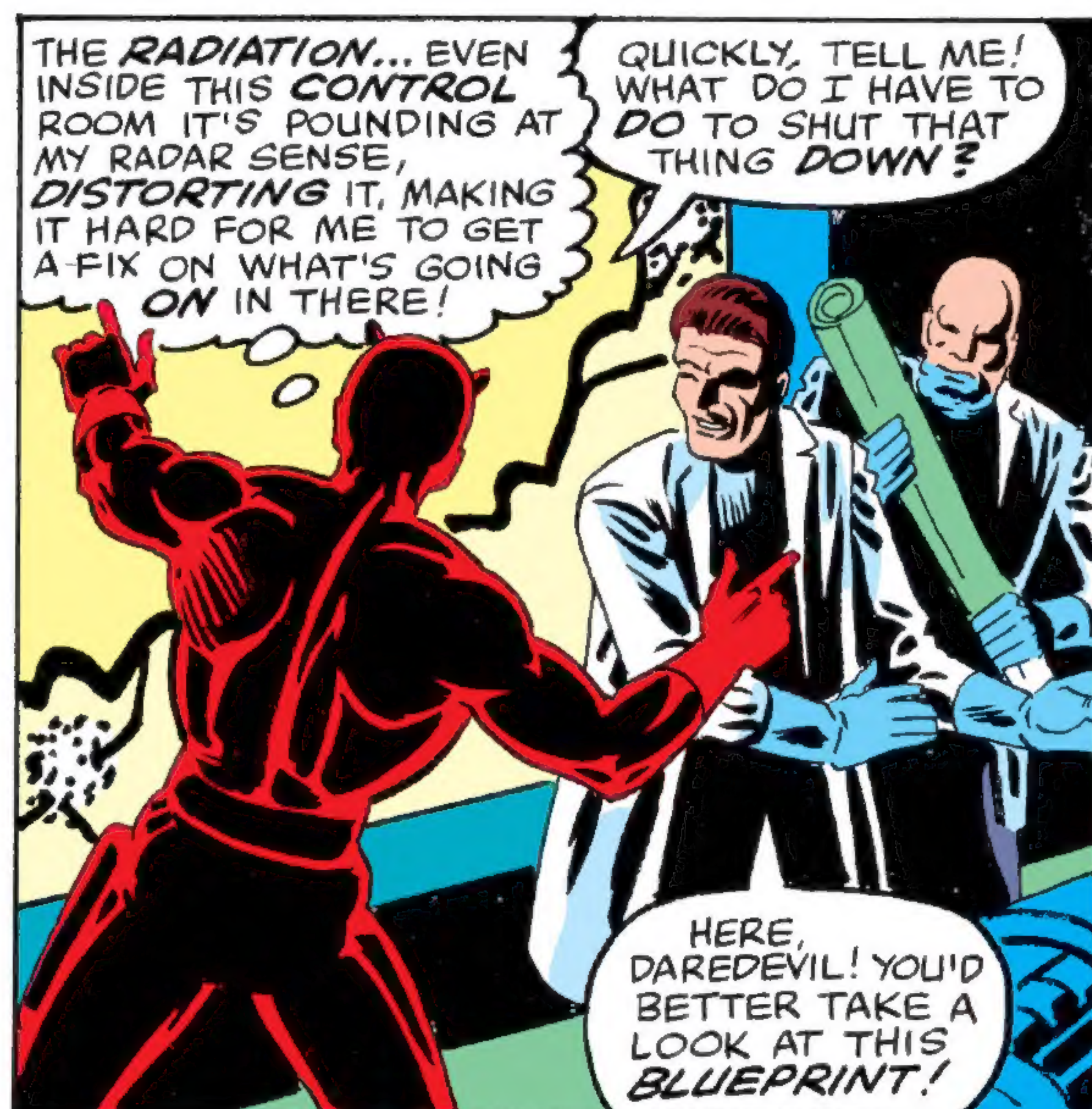
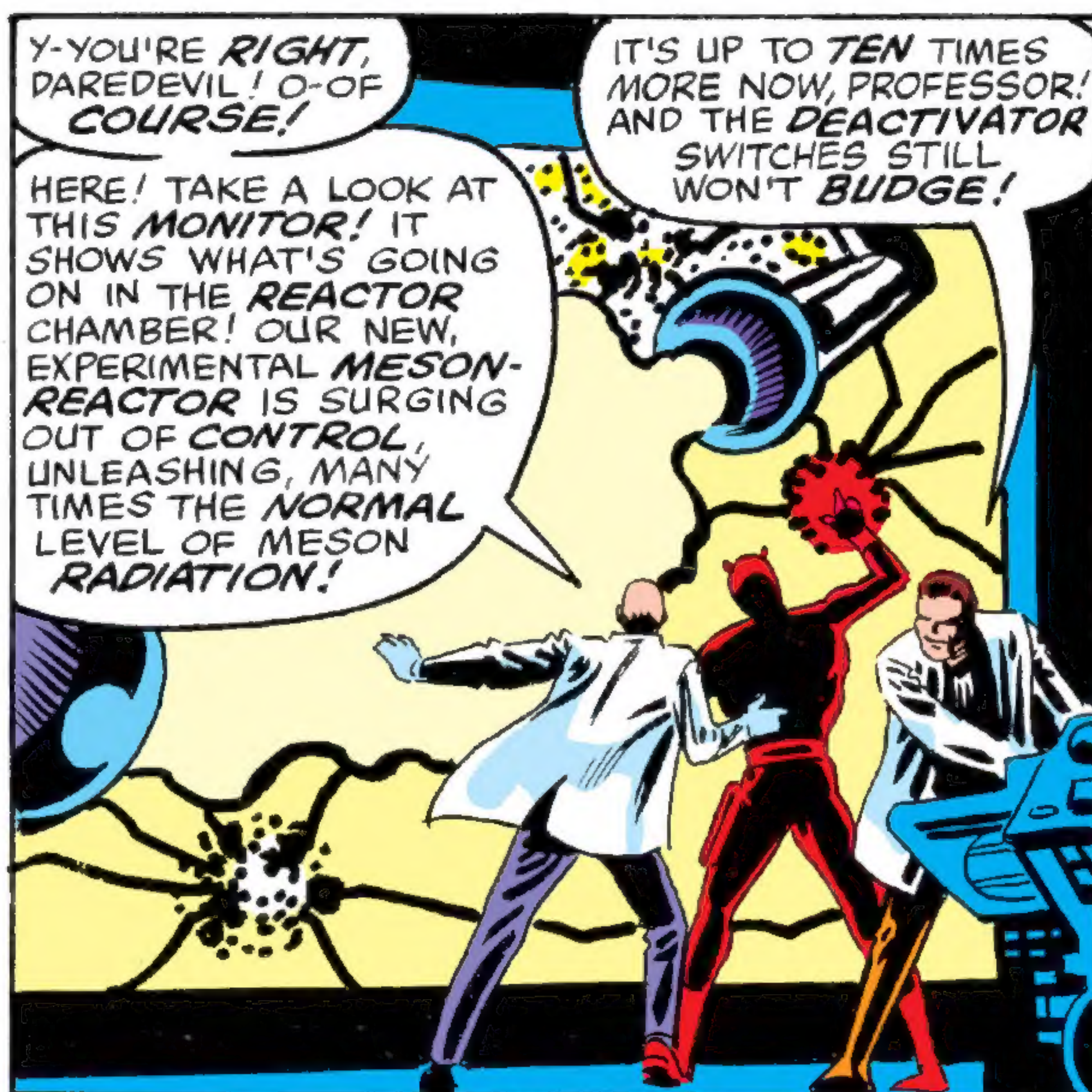
BETTER CALM DOWN AND FILL ME IN, GENTLEMEN!

DUE TO FORCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL (NAMELY THE DREADED DEADLINE DOOM) OUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED DD EPIC IS POSTPONED UNTIL NEXT ISSUE. HOWEVER, WE'RE PROUD TO PRESENT THIS VERY SPECIAL ISSUE.

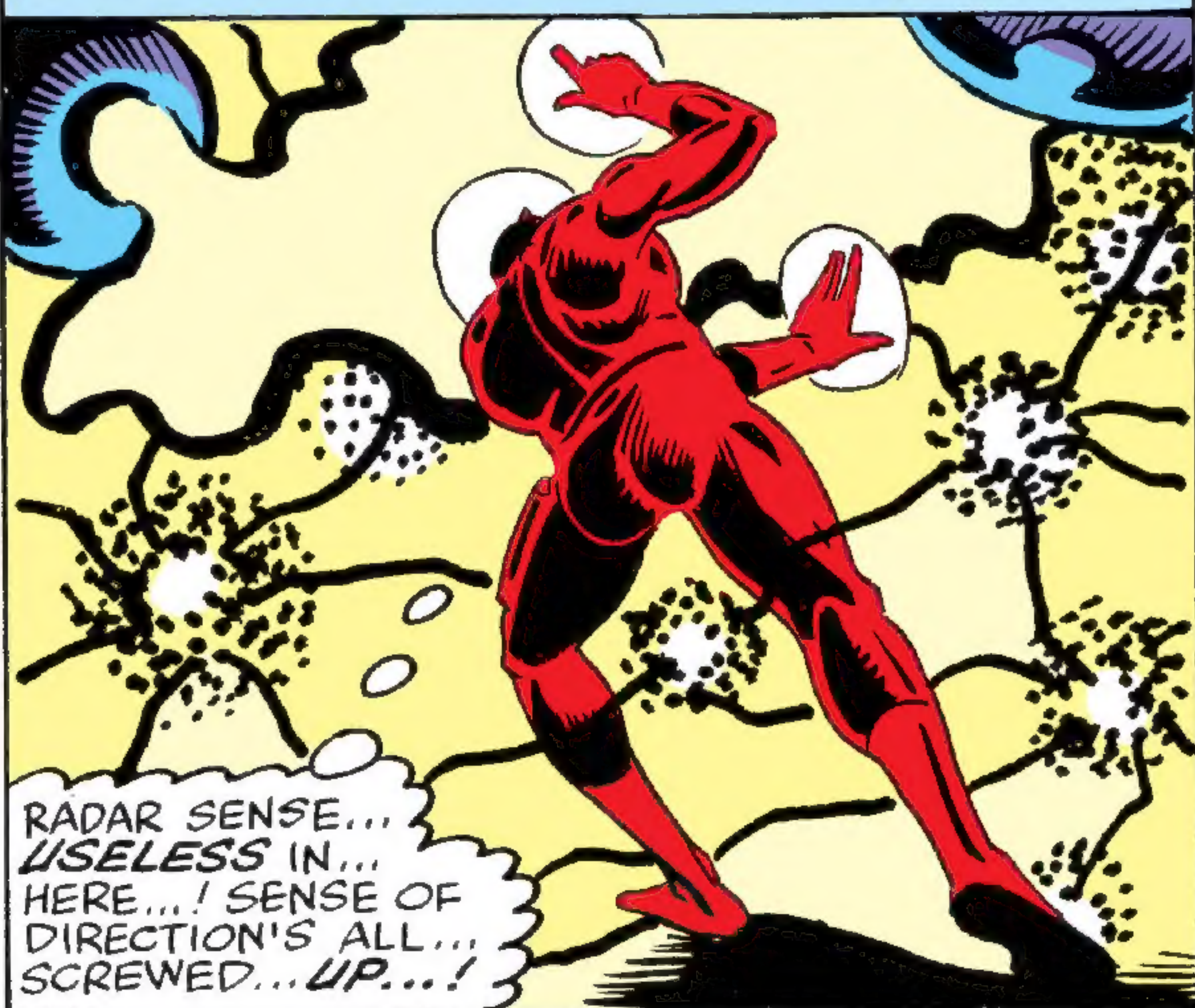
SCRIPT BY: MICHAEL FLEISHER
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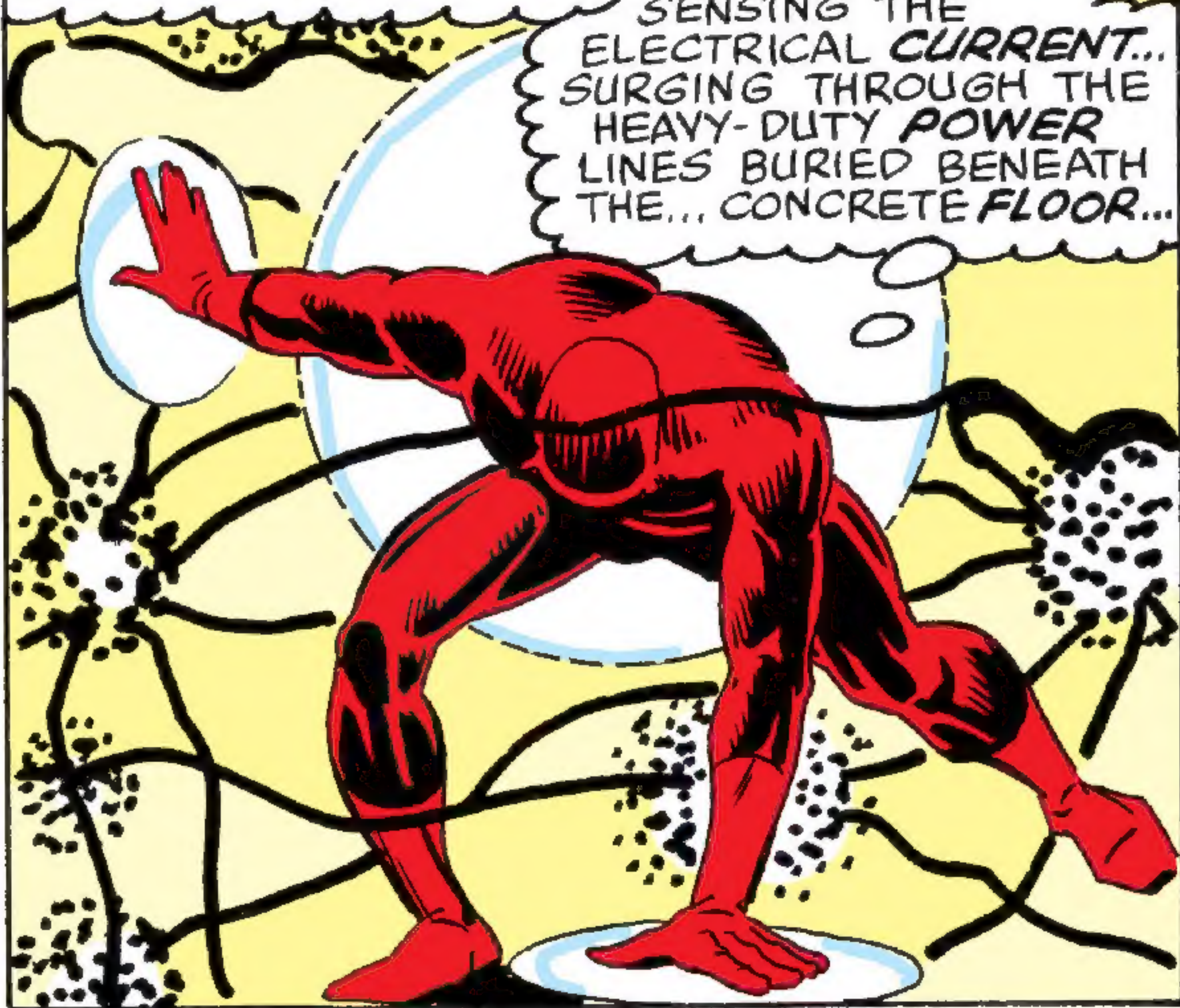


MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE LEAD-LINED REACTOR CHAMBER, DAREDEVIL'S BODY IS PUMMELED BY WAVES OF DEADLY RADIATION THAT POUND AT HIS FRAME WITH HURRICANE FORCE...



RADAR SENSE...
/USELESS IN...
HERE...! SENSE OF
DIRECTION'S ALL...
SCREWED...UP...!

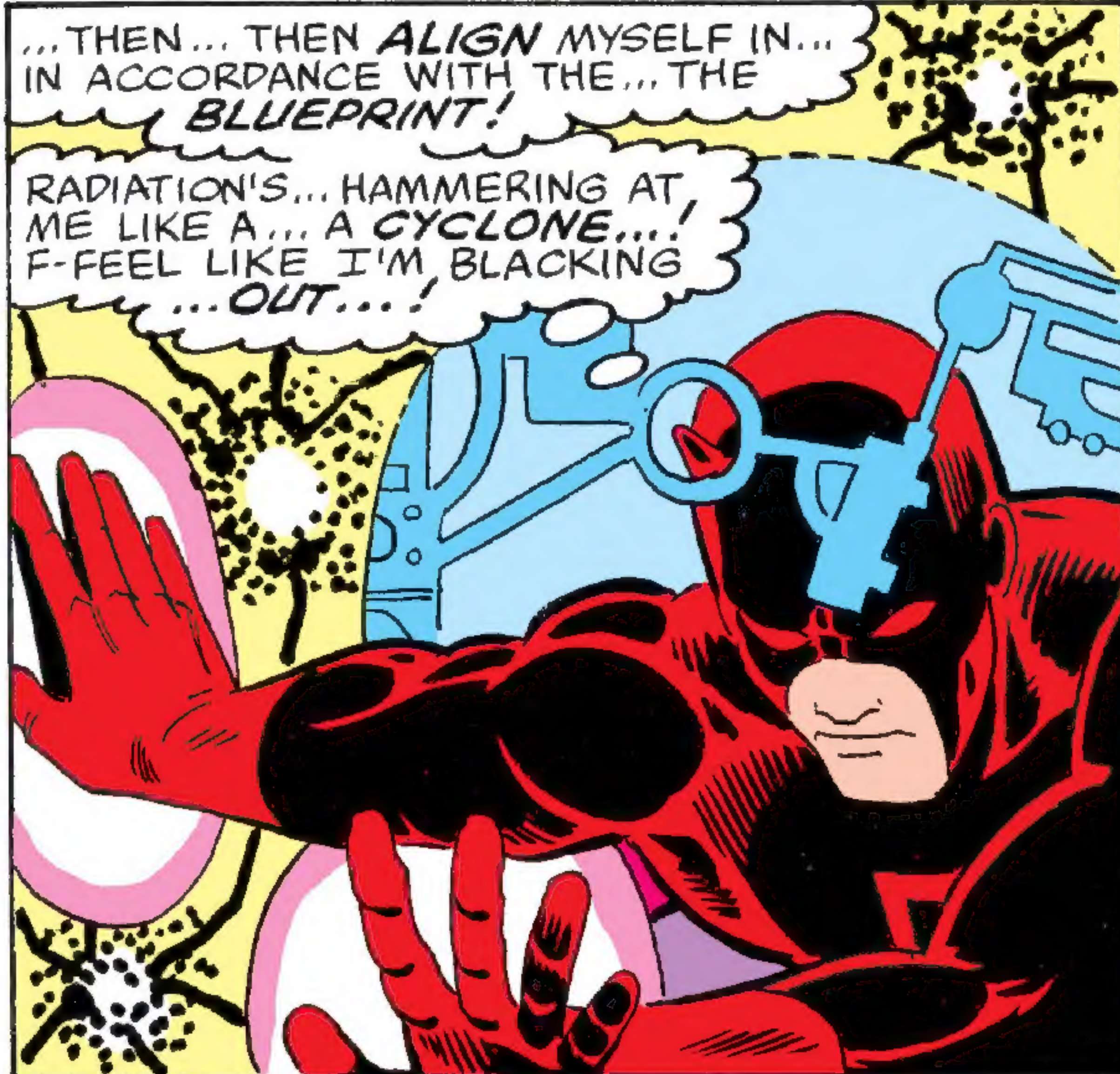
TH-THANK HEAVENS MY...
MY SUPERSENSITIVE
SENSE OF TOUCH
STILL...FUNCTIONS...!



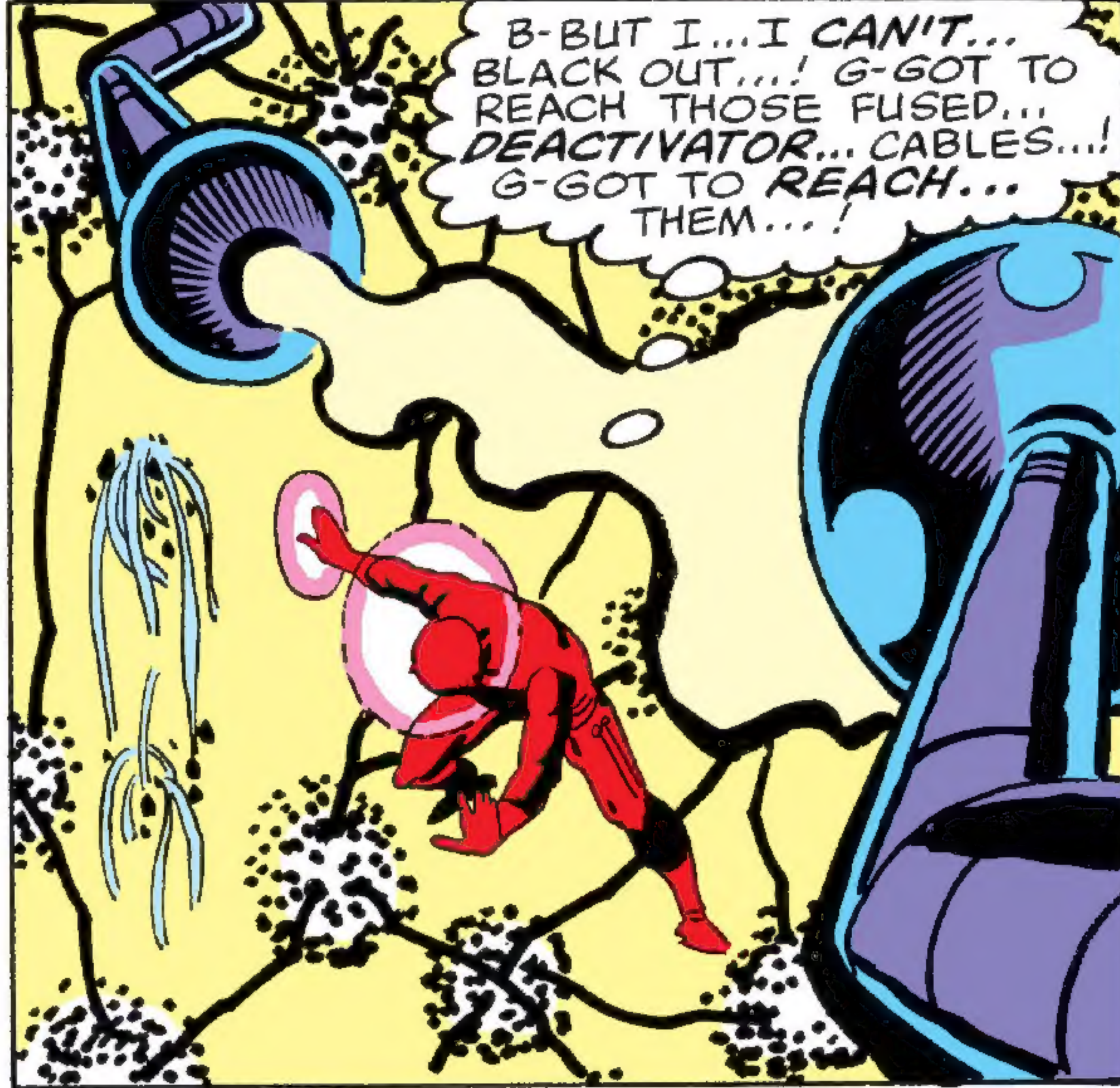
G-GOT TO...ORIENT
MYSELF BY...BY
SENSING THE
ELECTRICAL CURRENT...
SURGING THROUGH THE
HEAVY-DUTY POWER
LINES BURIED BENEATH
THE...CONCRETE FLOOR...

...THEN... THEN ALIGN MYSELF IN...
IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE...THE
BLUEPRINT!

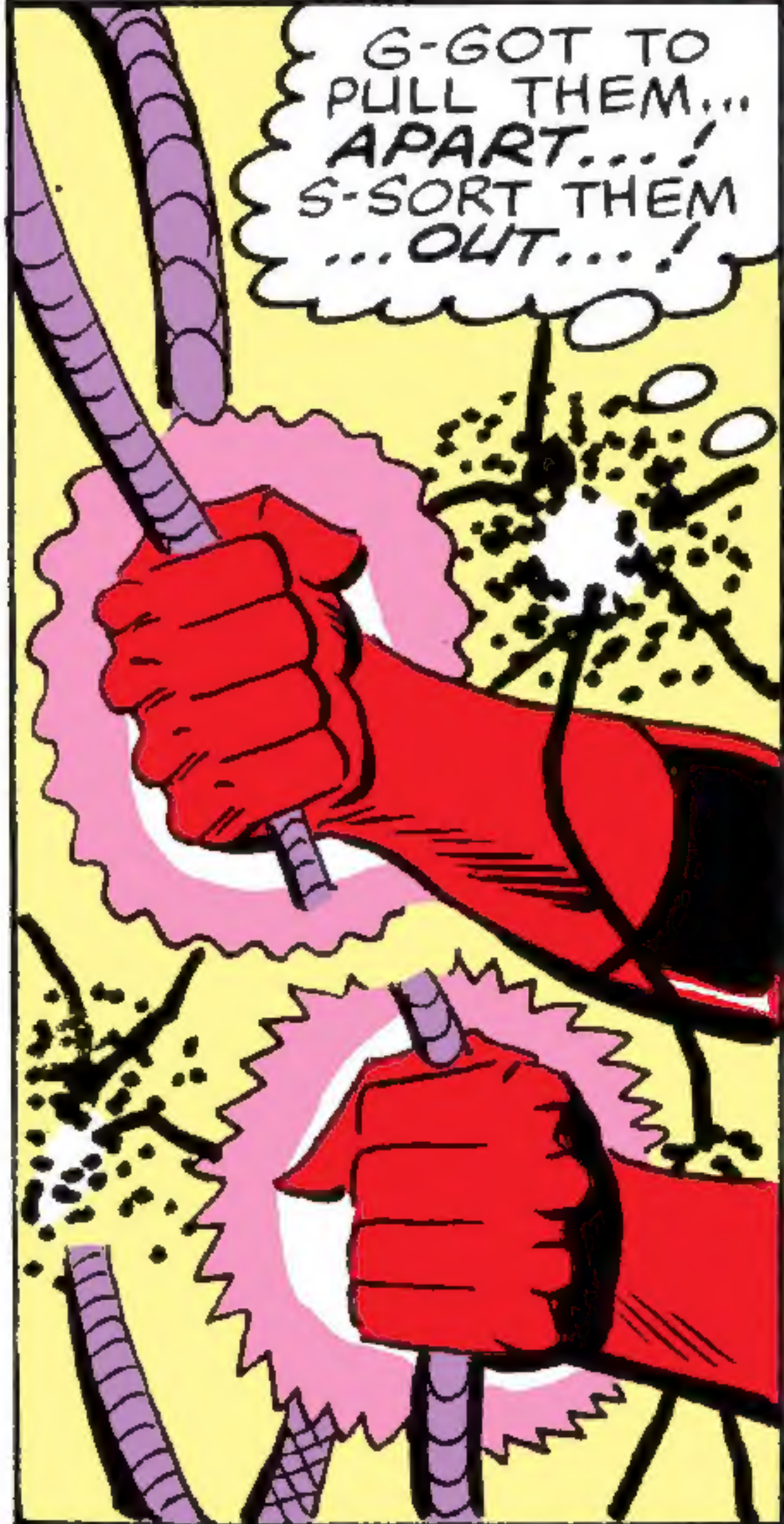
RADIATION'S... HAMMERING AT
ME LIKE A... A CYCLONE...!
F-FEEL LIKE I'M BLACKING
...OUT...!



B-BUT I...I CAN'T...
BLACK OUT...! G-GOT TO
REACH THOSE FUSED...
DEACTIVATOR... CABLES...!
G-GOT TO REACH...
THEM...!



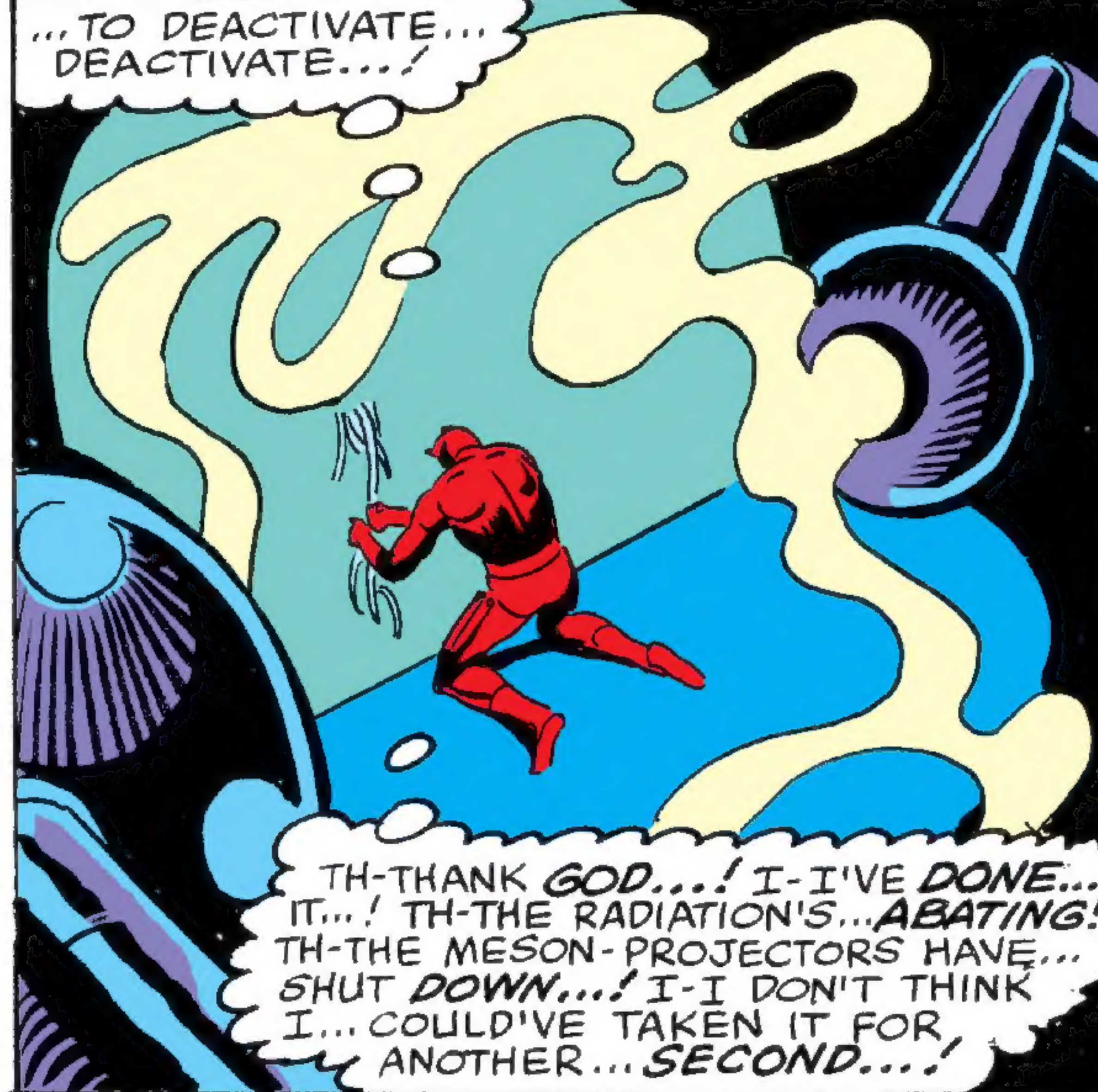
G-GOT TO
PULL THEM...
APART...!
S-SORT THEM
...OUT...!



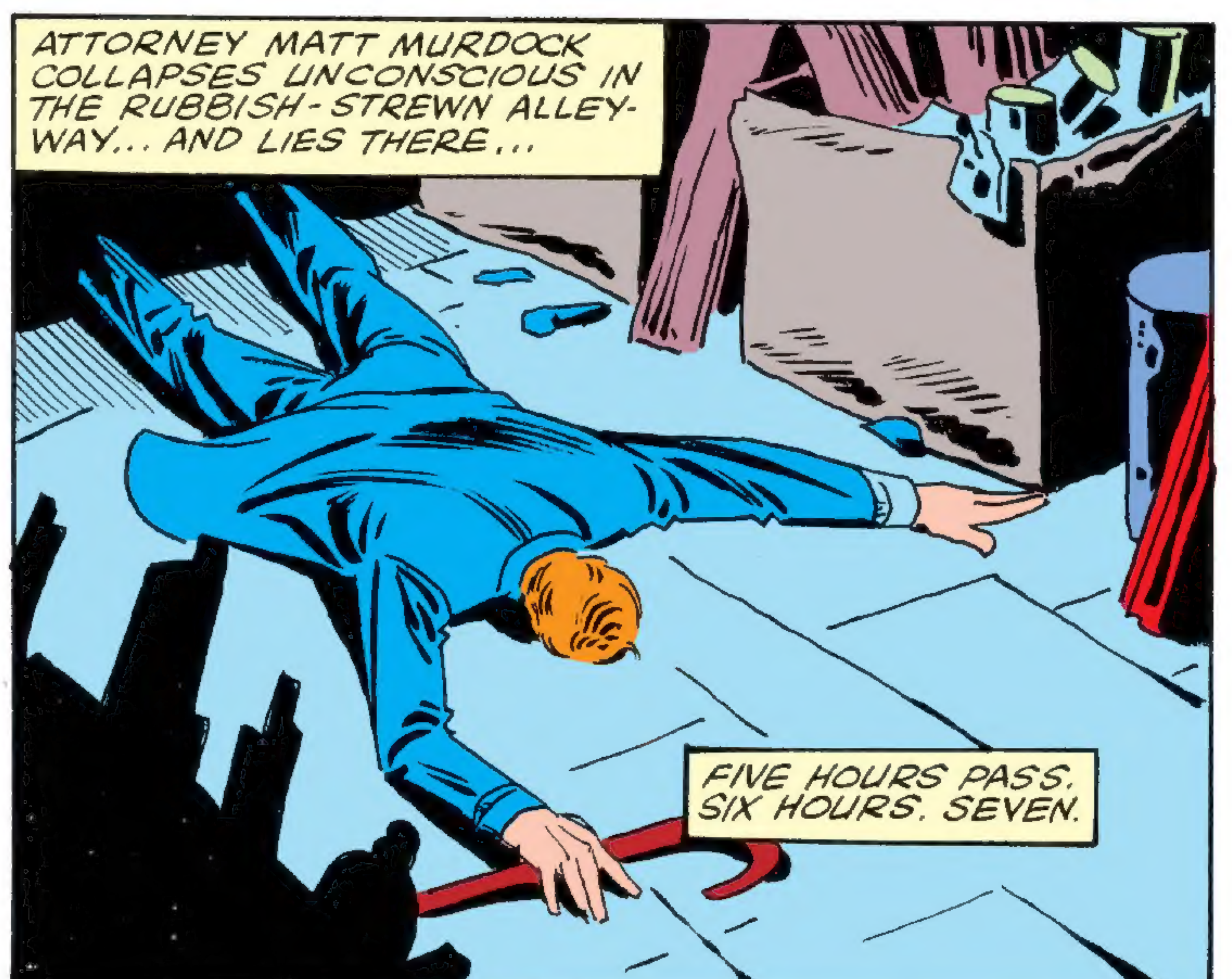
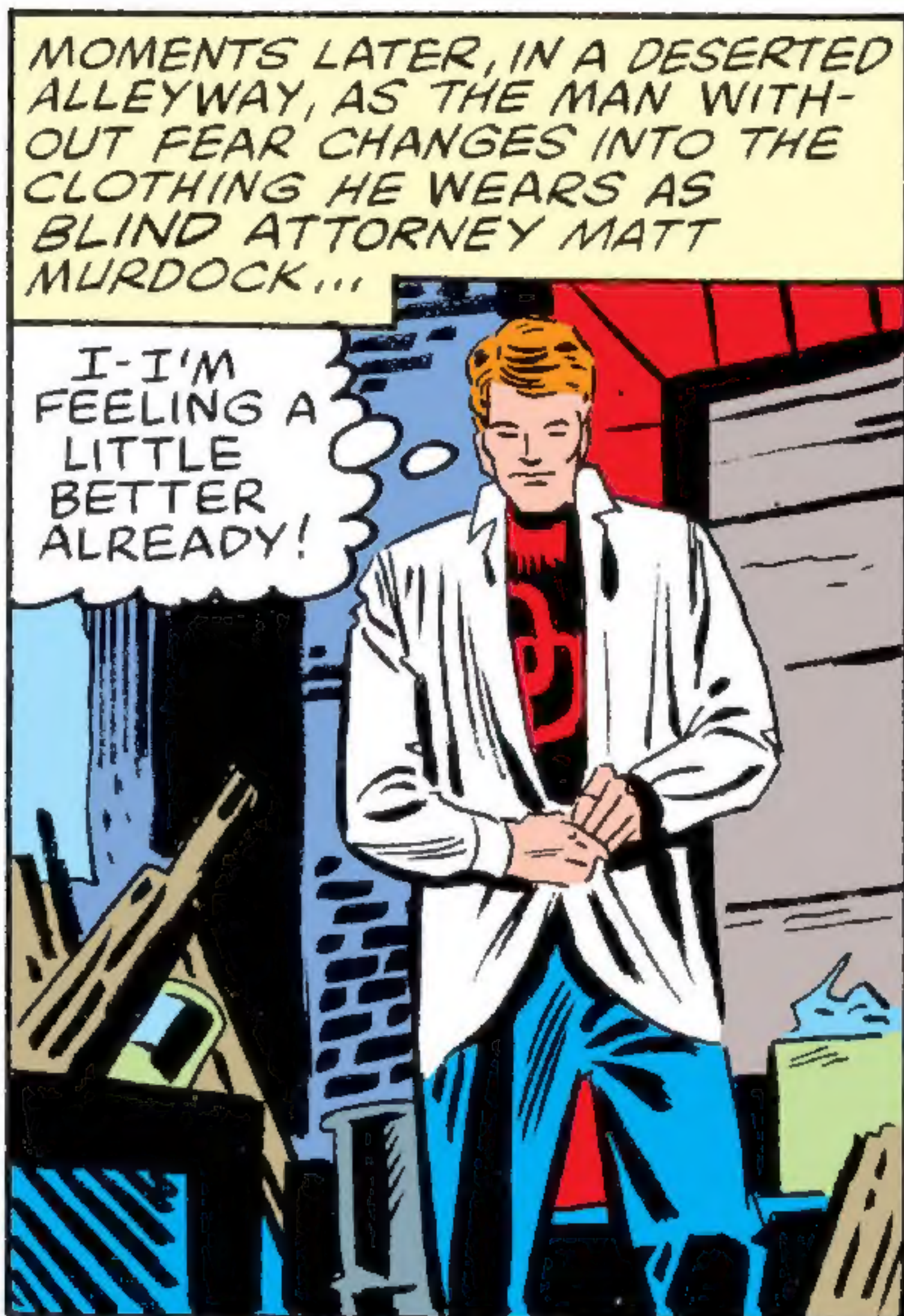
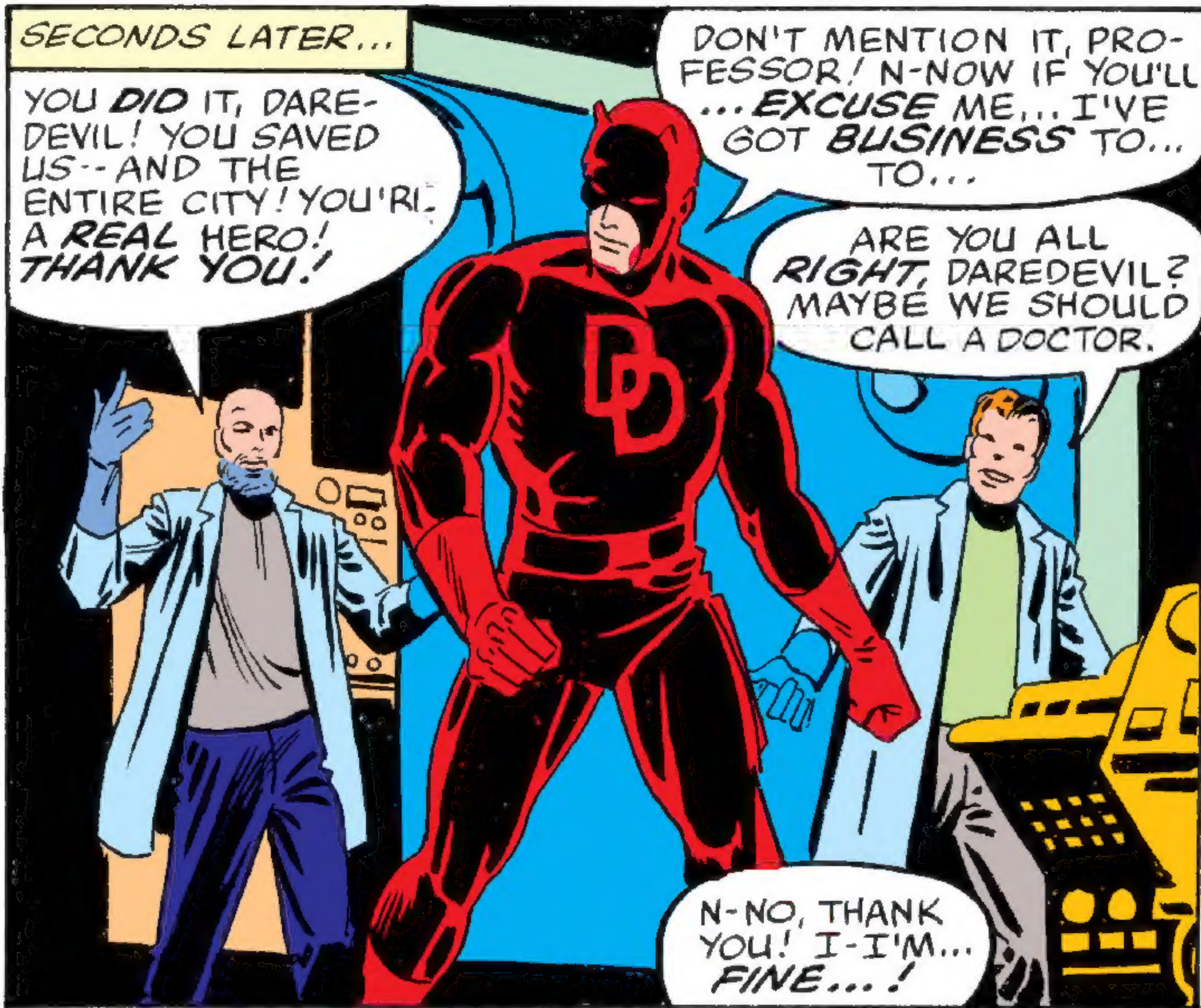
...G-GET THEM
RECONNECTED...
IN THE RIGHT...
ORDER... LONG
ENOUGH FOR...
FOR SCIENTISTS
TO...



...TO DEACTIVATE...
DEACTIVATE...!



TH-THANK GOD...! I-I'VE DONE...
IT...! TH-THE RADIATION'S...ABATING!
TH-THE MESON-PROJECTORS HAVE...
SHUT DOWN...! I-I DON'T THINK
I... COULD'VE TAKEN IT FOR
ANOTHER... SECOND...!



AND WHEN HE FINALLY AWAKENS...



GOOD LORD!
WH-WHY AM I LYING
HERE, IN THIS ALLEY?
I SHOULD BE GETTING--

WAIT A MINUTE! SHOULD BE
GETTING **WHERE?** I-I CAN'T
SEEM TO REMEMBER
ANYTHING!



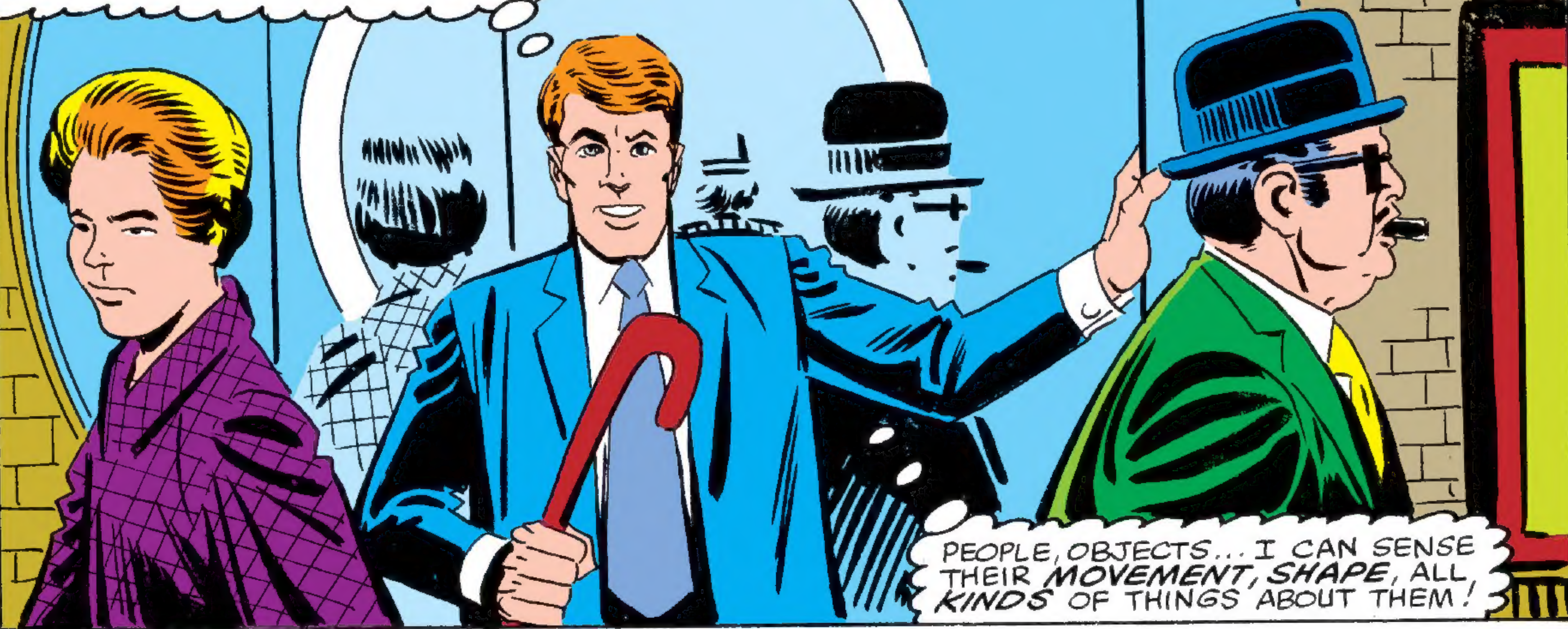
I
CAN'T EVEN
REMEMBER...
WHO I AM...!

THIS **CANE!** THESE DARK
GLASSES! THEY'RE LIKE
THE KIND **BLIND** MEN USE!



B-BUT THAT'S
RIDICULOUS! I'M
NOT **BLIND!**

A-AT LEAST I'M NOT BLIND IN THE
ORDINARY SENSE! IT'S AS THOUGH
I POSSESSED SOME SORT OF...
SOME SORT OF **SIXTH SENSE!**



PEOPLE, OBJECTS... I CAN SENSE
THEIR **MOVEMENT, SHAPE, ALL**
KINDS OF THINGS ABOUT THEM!

SO WHY ON EARTH AM I
CARRYING THIS--



WHA--!? IT BROKE APART...
INTO TWO SEPARATE **PIECES!**
I'LL JUST PUT THEM INSIDE MY
COAT, IN CASE THIS SPECIAL
RADAR-LIKE **SENSE** OF MINE
BLANKS OUT ON ME!

PRESENTLY...



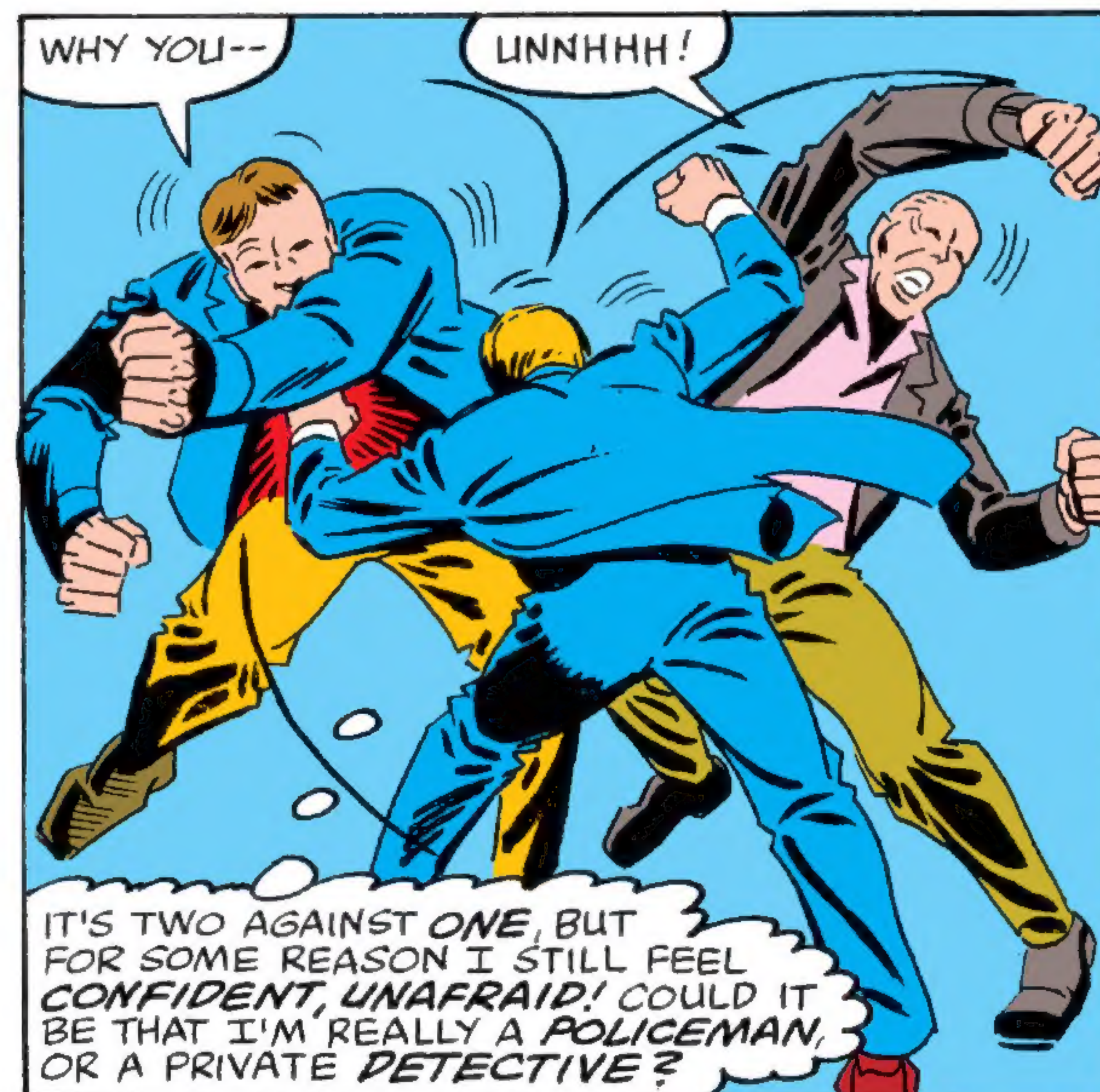
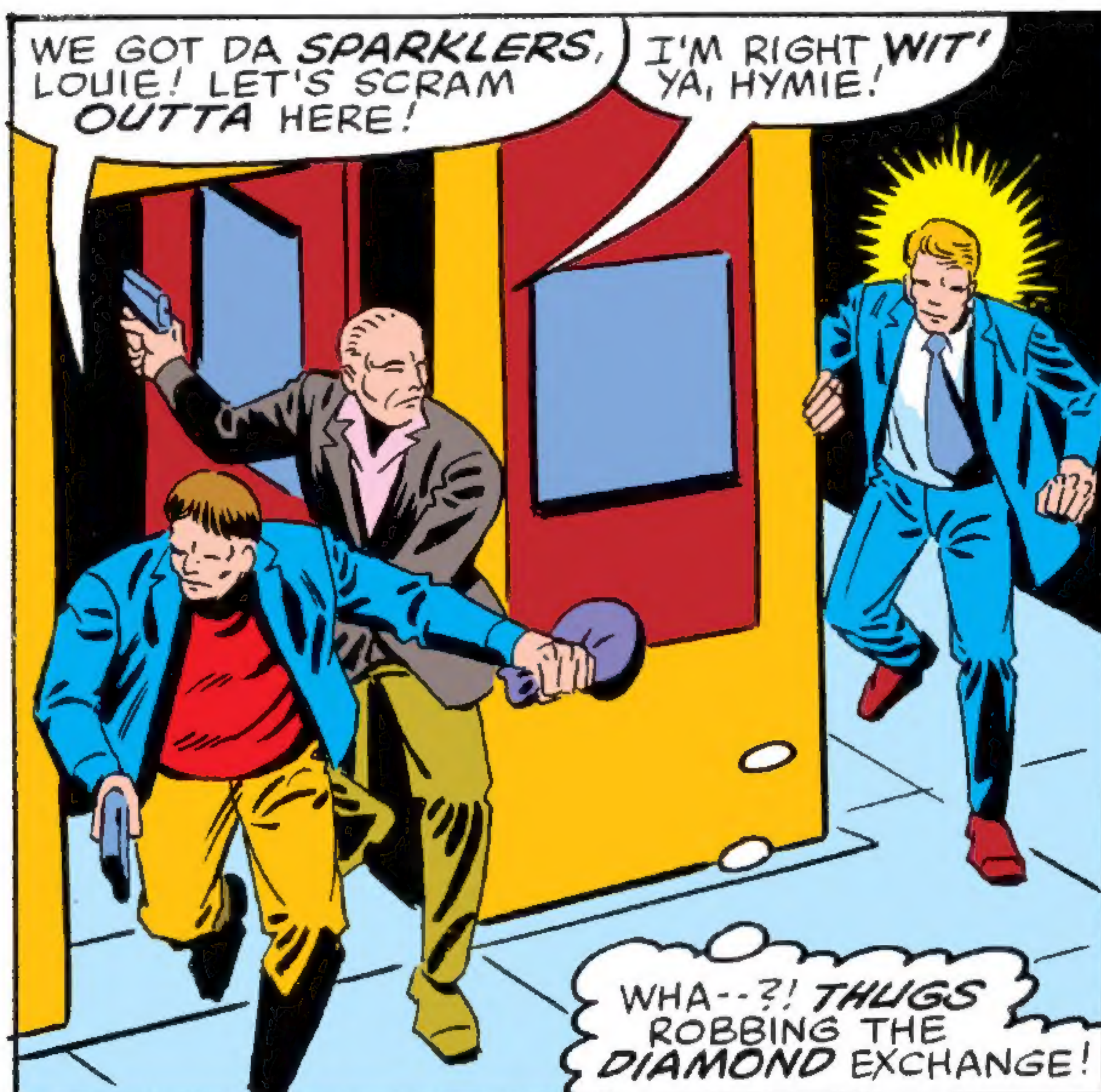
I'M NOT CARRYING ANY
IDENTIFICATION ON ME,
SO I STILL DON'T KNOW
MY **REAL NAME!**

BUT LET'S SEE WHAT I **DO**
KNOW ABOUT MYSELF! I'M
WELL **DRESSED**, WHICH--

HUH!? A
GUNSHOT!



A-AND IT SOUNDED
LIKE A **DYNAMITE**
EXPLOSION GOING
OFF IN MY EAR! MY
HEARING MUST BE A
HUNDRED TIMES MORE
ACUTE THAN AN
ORDINARY MAN'S!



WHAT I *DO* WANT YOU TO DO IS GIVE ME YOUR PROFESSIONAL *ESTIMATION* OF OUR MR. GOOD SAMARITAN OUT THERE!



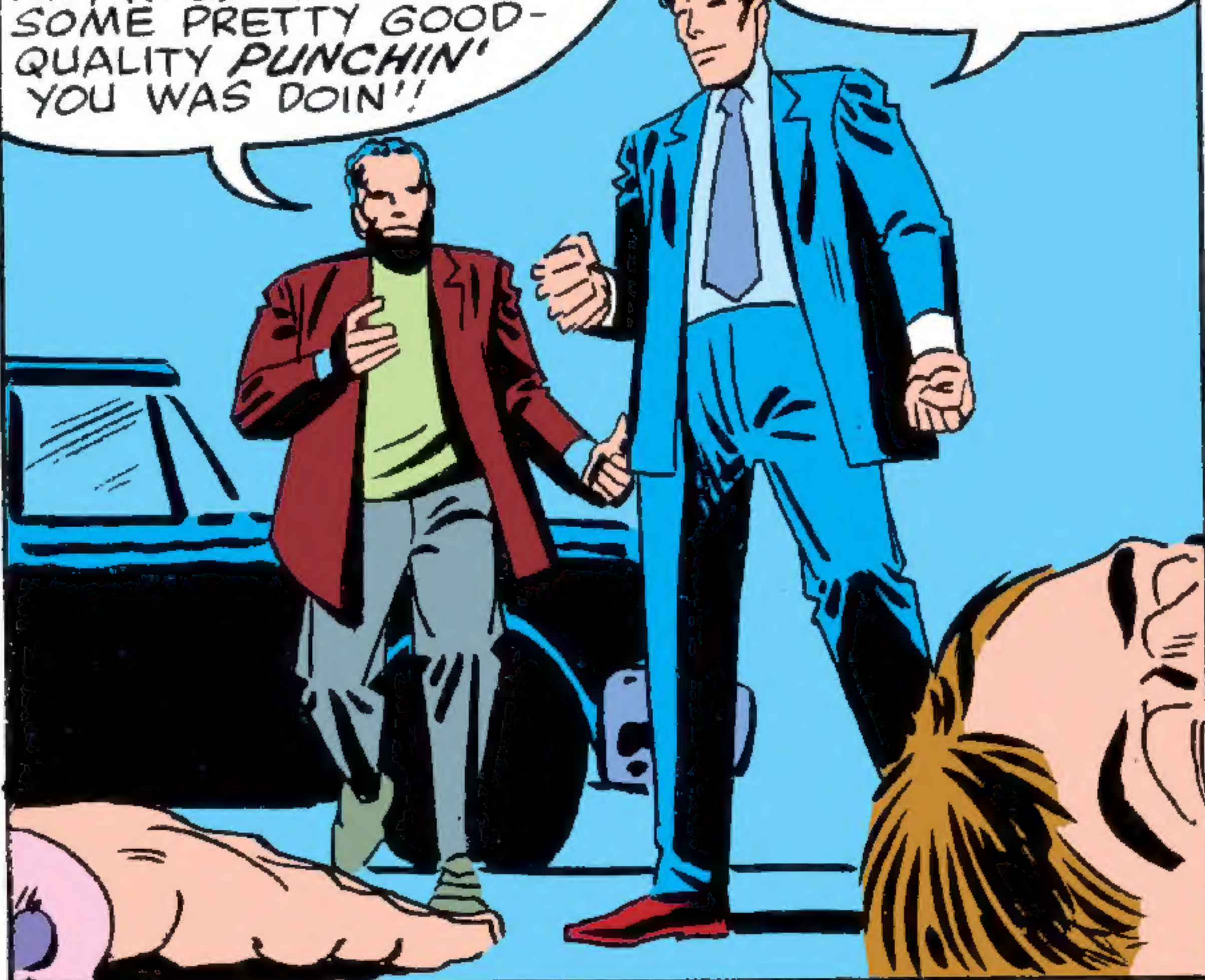
WELL, I THINK HE'S MAYBE GOT THE MAKIN'S OF A PRETTY GOOD *PRIZEFIGHTER*, MR. HYLE.

THAT'S WHAT I THINK, *TOO*, PUGGY! SO WHY DON'T YOU GET *OUT* THERE LIKE A *GOOD* LITTLE PUG AND BRING HIM ON OVER HERE TO *MEET* ME!



HEY! *FELLA*! I BEEN WATCHIN' YOU TAKE ON THEM TWO *MUGS*, AN'... AN', WELL THAT WAS SOME PRETTY GOOD-QUALITY *PUNCHIN'* YOU WAS DOIN'!

THANKS! ARE YOU A *POLICEMAN*? WE OUGHT TO--



NAW, NAW! I AIN'T A *COPPER*! I WORK FOR *MR. HYLE* HERE! HE'S A BIG FIGHT PROMOTER! HE SAYS, LIKE, HE WANTS TO *MEETCHA*!



ACTUALLY, I DON'T REALLY WANT TO MEET YOU AT *ALL* MR. STREET FIGHTER! I REALLY WANT YOU TO MEET--*RAMONA*!

P-PLEASE, BOSS! K-KEEP THAT BEASTIE *AWAY*! Y-YOU KNOW HOW I--

HA HA! PUGGY'S ALWAYS BEEN SCARED TO *DEATH* OF RAMONA, BUT YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF HER AT ALL, *ARE* YOU, STREET FIGHTER?

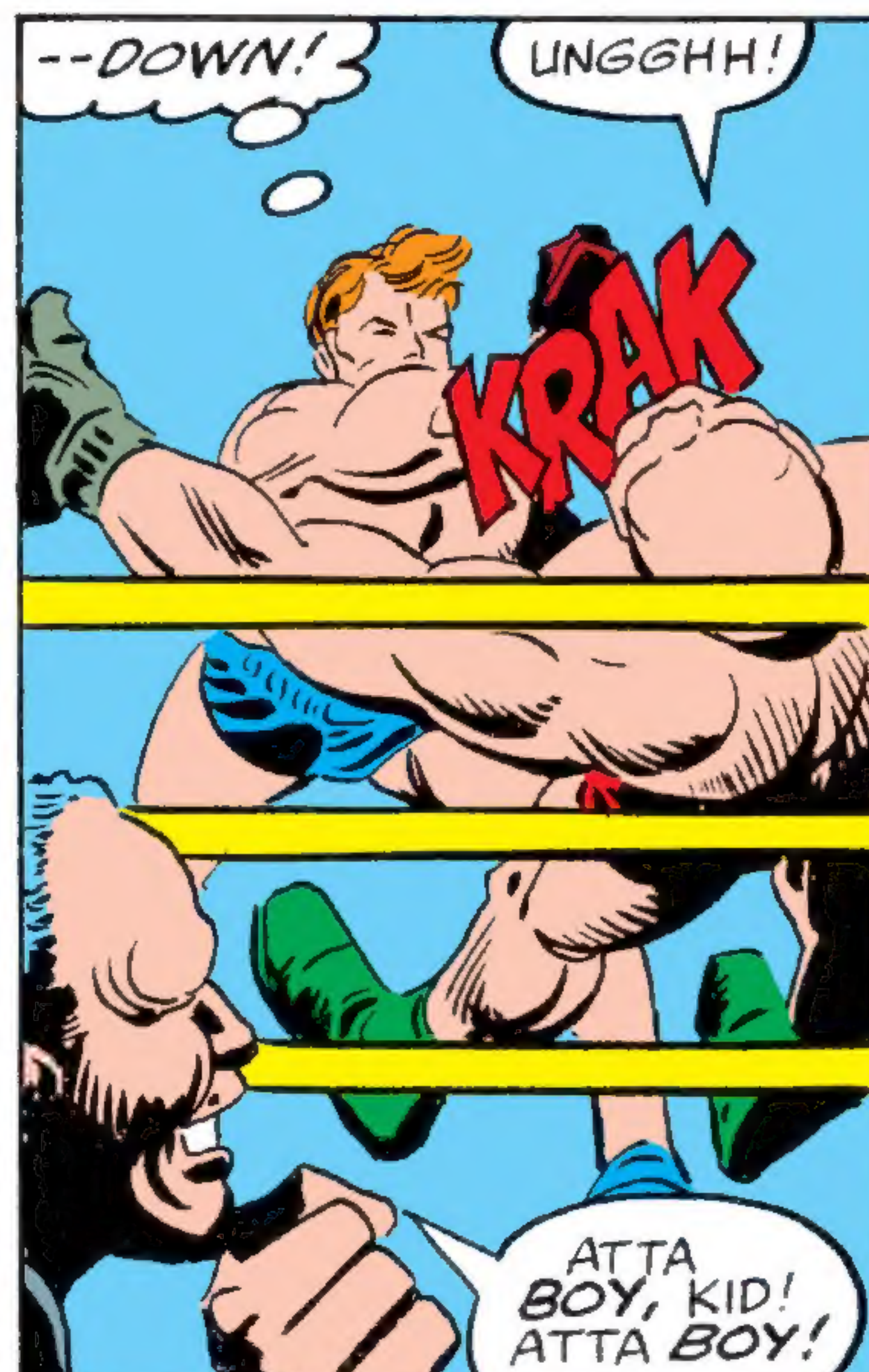
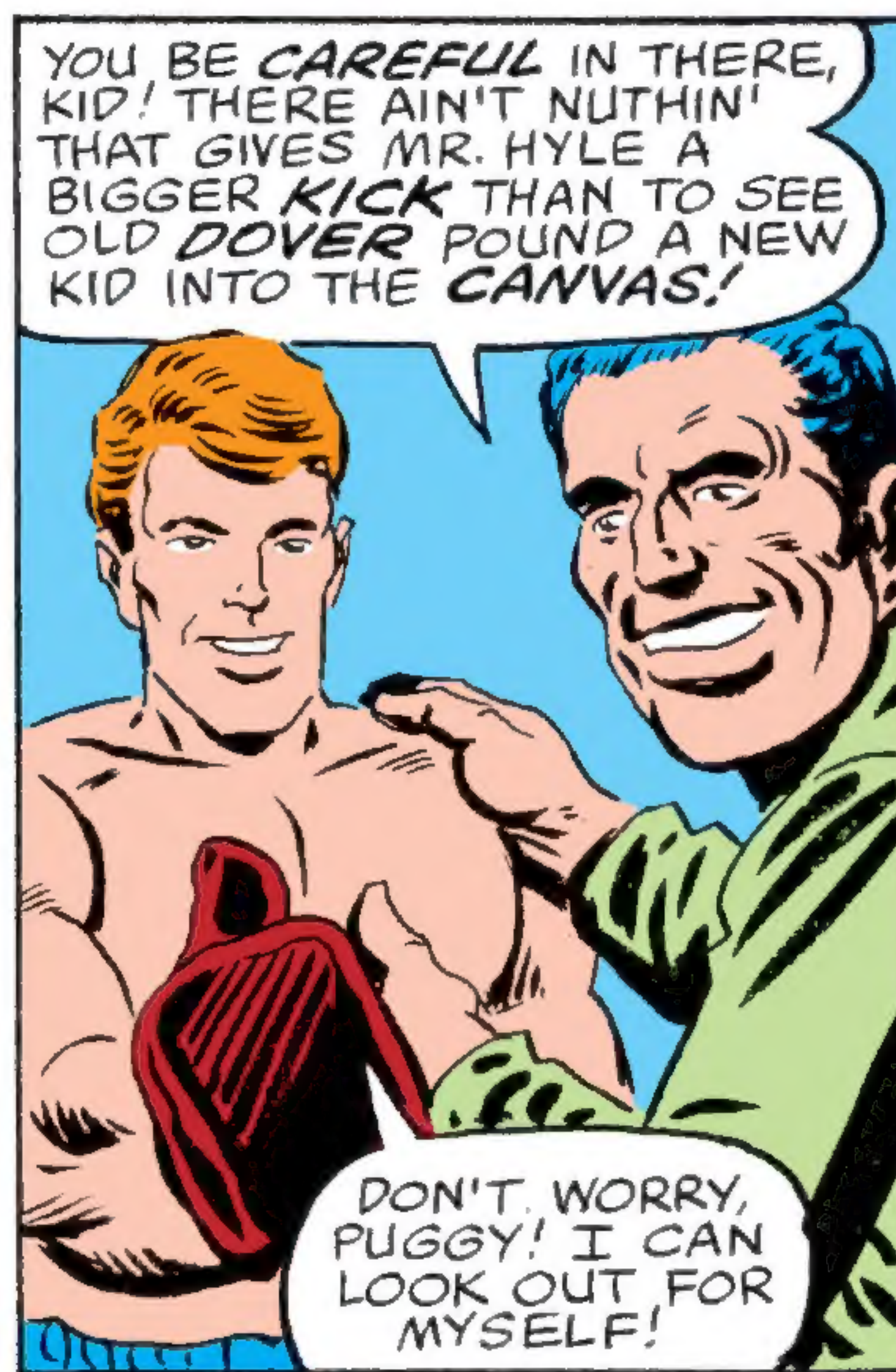
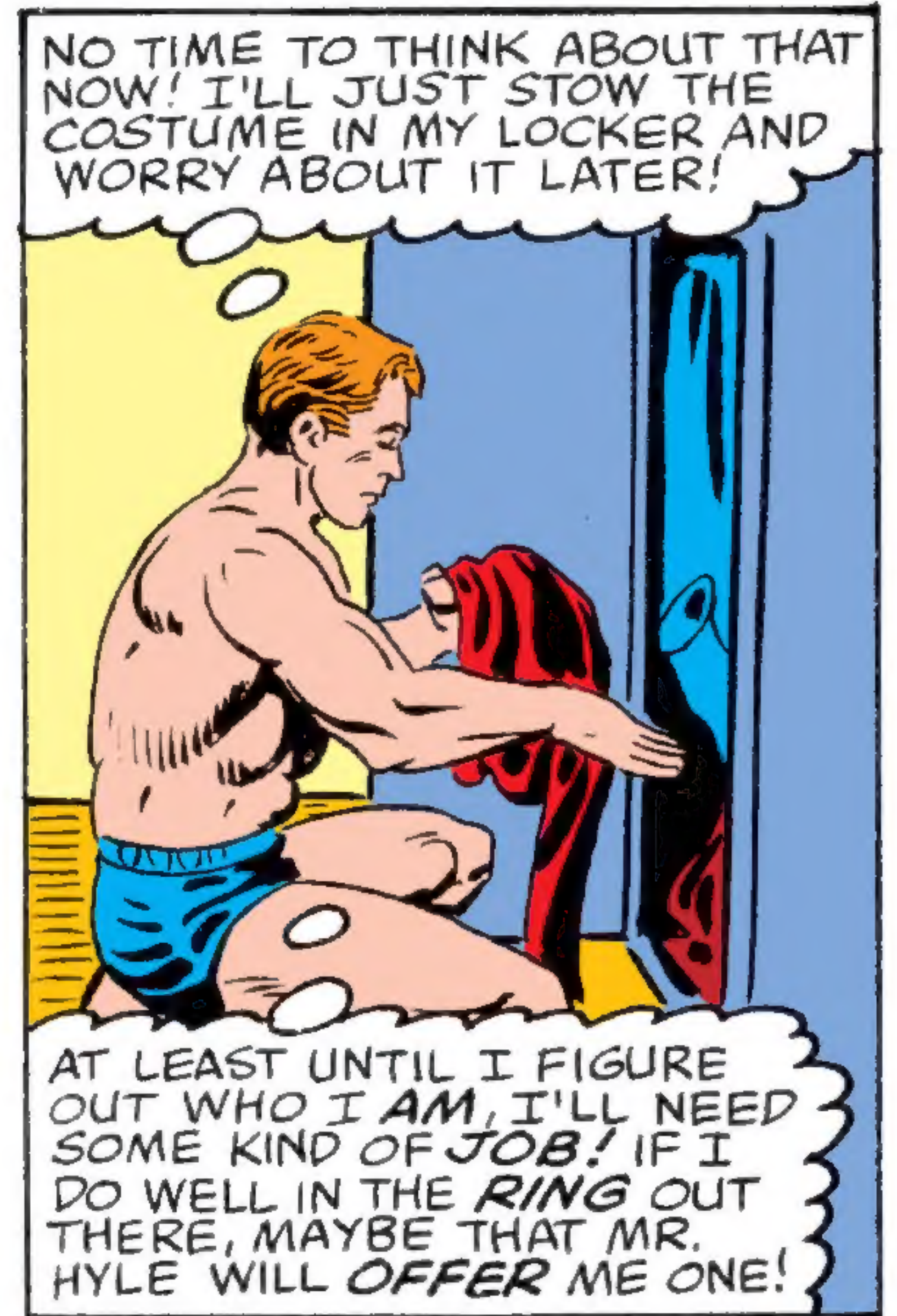


NO, SIR, I'M NOT!

WELL I HAPPEN TO *LIKE* THAT, MISTER! I LIKE IT VERY *MUCH*!

I LIKE IT *SO* MUCH, IN FACT, I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE *GYM* AND SEE JUST HOW GOOD YOU CAN PUNCH WITH A PAIR OF *GLOVES* ON!





AND SO, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE AMNESIC MATT MURDOCK TRAINS RELENTLESSLY FOR HIS NEW-FOUND BOXING CAREER...

THAT'S IT, KID! REMEMBER, YA GOTTA PROTECT YOUR BODY WITH YOUR **RIGHT** WHEN YA USE THAT LEFT HOOK!

YOU'RE HITTING TOO **HIGH**, KID! LEAN TO BRING THEM JABS IN **LOW**!

YOU LOOKED REAL **GOOD** TODAY, KID! NOW **C'MON**! LET'S GO HIT THEM **SHOWERS**!

THAT'S THE WAY KID-- SNAP THAT JAB!

PRESENTLY...

YOU'RE A REAL GOOD **PUNCHER**, KID! WITH LOTS OF HARD **WORK**, AN' ME HELPIN' YA OUT AN' TEACHIN' YA ALL I **KNOW**, ONE DAY YOU COULD BE A REAL **CHAMPEEN**!

Y'KNOW, I WAS A FIGHTER ONCE, KID! BUT I WASN'T NEVER CHAMPIONSHIP MATERIAL LIKE **YOU** ARE! I WAS JUST A **PUG**! THAT'S WHY EVERYBODY JUST CALLS ME **PUGGY**!

BUT YOU WATCH OUT FOR THAT **MR. HYLE**, KID! YOU JUST WATCH **OUT** FOR HIM! 'CAUSE HE DON'T HAVE THAT LOVE OF FIGHTIN' LIKE **YOU** AN' **ME** HAVE IT! ALL HE CARES 'BOUT IS **MONEY**, AN' HE'D ICE HIS OWN **GRAND-MOTHER** TO GET IT!

THE DAYS BECOME WEEKS AS **MATT MURDOCK** BEGINS A METEORIC RISE IN THE WORLD OF BOXING...

THIS GUY TONIGHT'S PRETTY **TOUGH**, KID! YA THINK YOU'RE **READY**?

DON'T WORRY, **PUGGY**! I WON'T LET YOU **DOWN**!

...HE SCORES VICTORY AFTER VICTORY AS HE BATTLES HIS WAY UPWARD THROUGH THE **PUGILISTIC** RANKS...

POW

GOOD **GRAVY**! DID YOU SEE THAT? A **FIRST ROUND KNOCKOUT**!

AND HE BRINGS IN A STEADY WINDFALL OF GAMBLING WINNINGS TO HIS "SPONSOR," **MR. HYLE**...

THAT'S IT, BOYS! ANTE **RIGHT UP**! HEH HEH HEH!

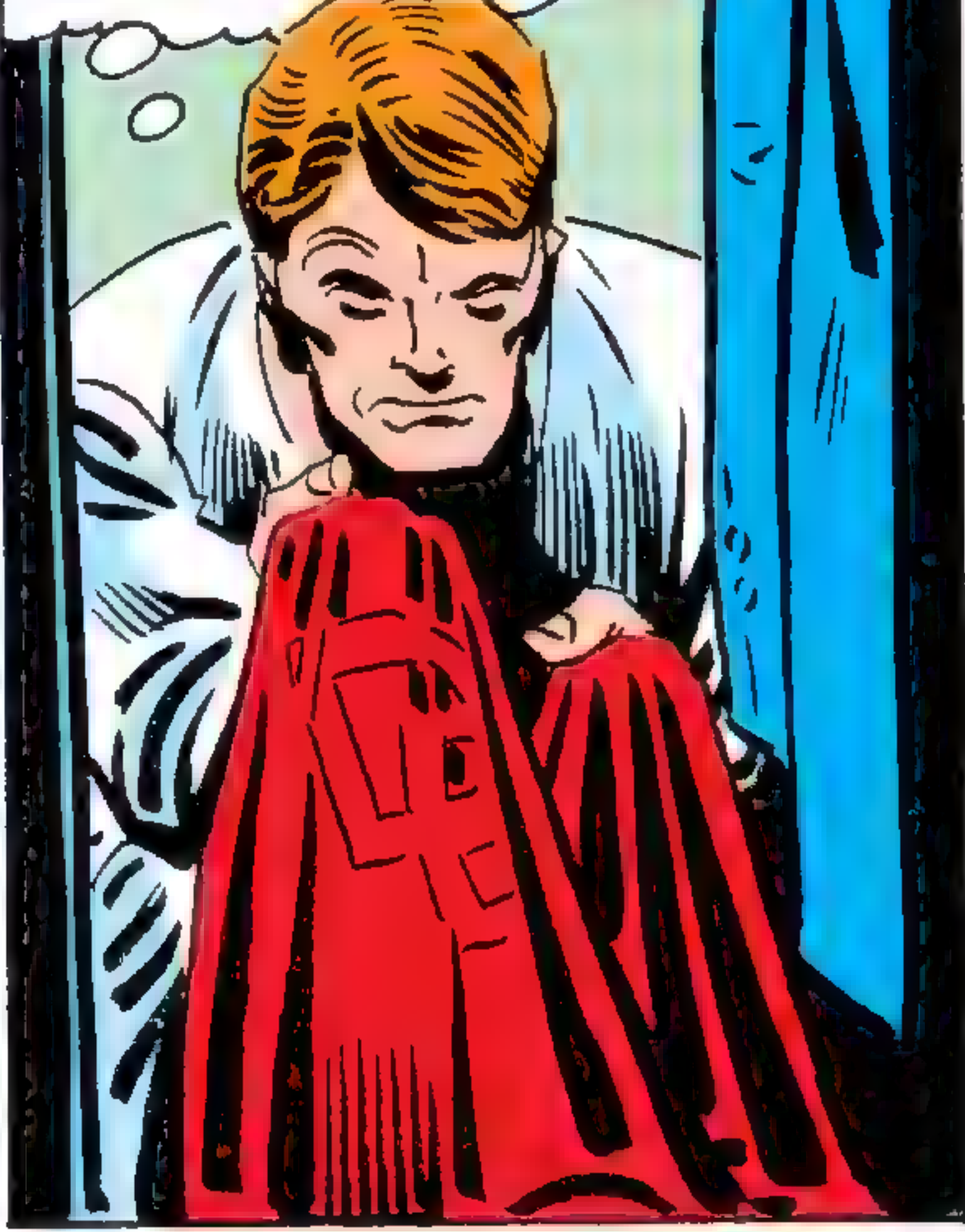
AND LATE ONE NIGHT...



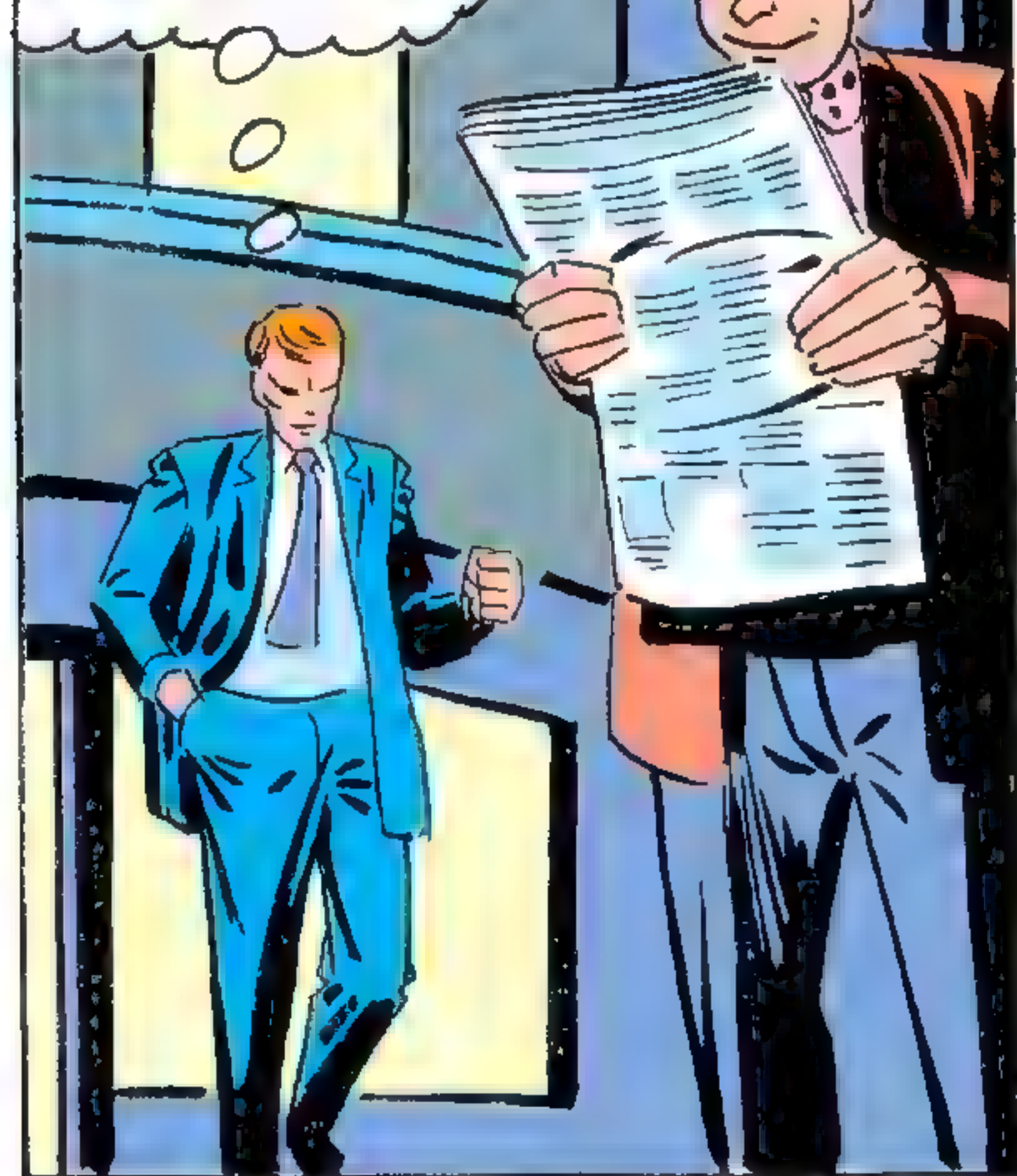
BUT EVEN IN VICTORY, MATT MURDOCK FINDS HIMSELF TORMENTED BY THE SAME AGONIZING QUESTIONS...



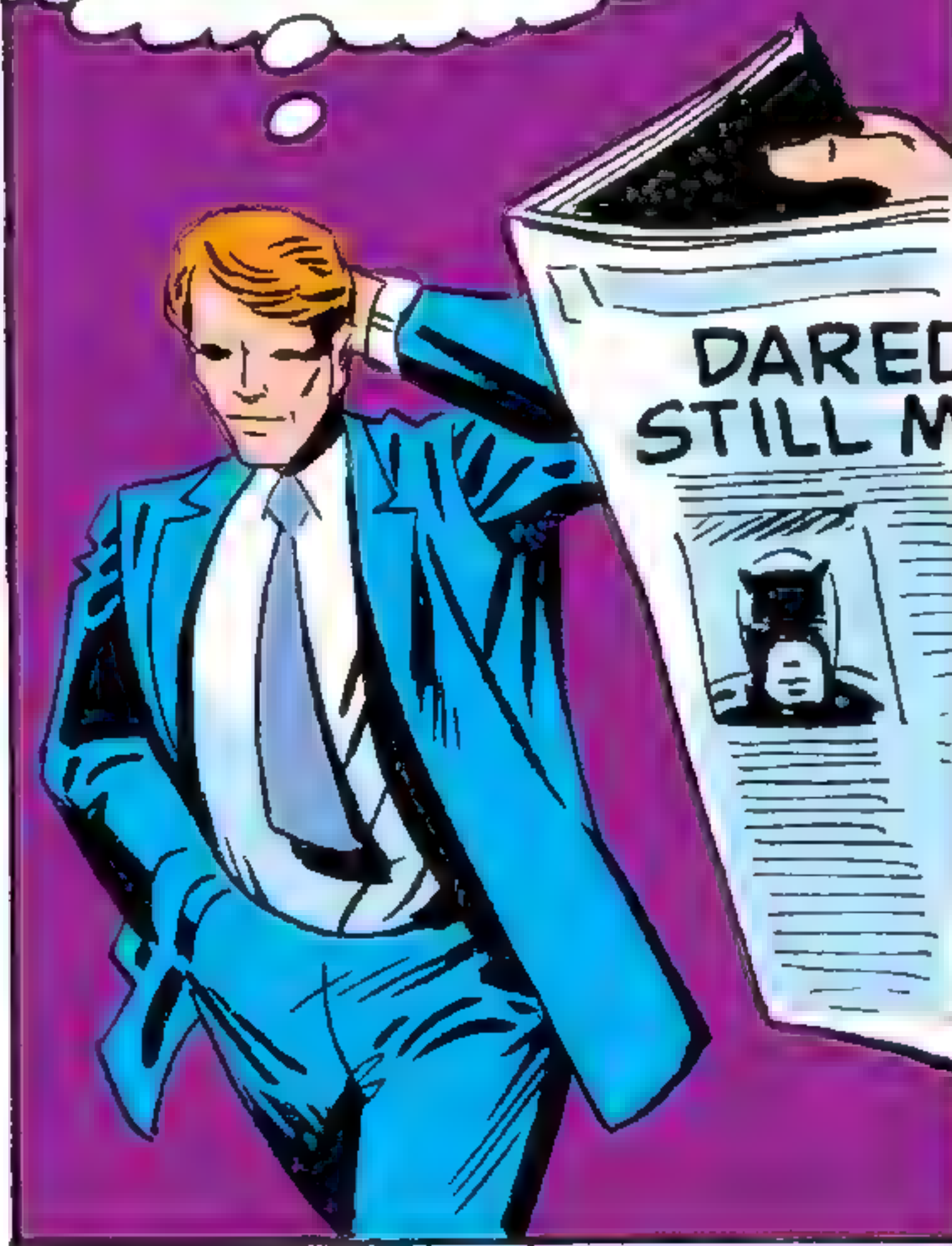
AND THIS **COSTUME!** WHAT DOES IT **MEAN**? WHY WAS I **WEARING** IT UNDER-NEATH MY **STREET CLOTHES**?



I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS FOR-EVER... **WONDERING...** NOT **KNOWING!**



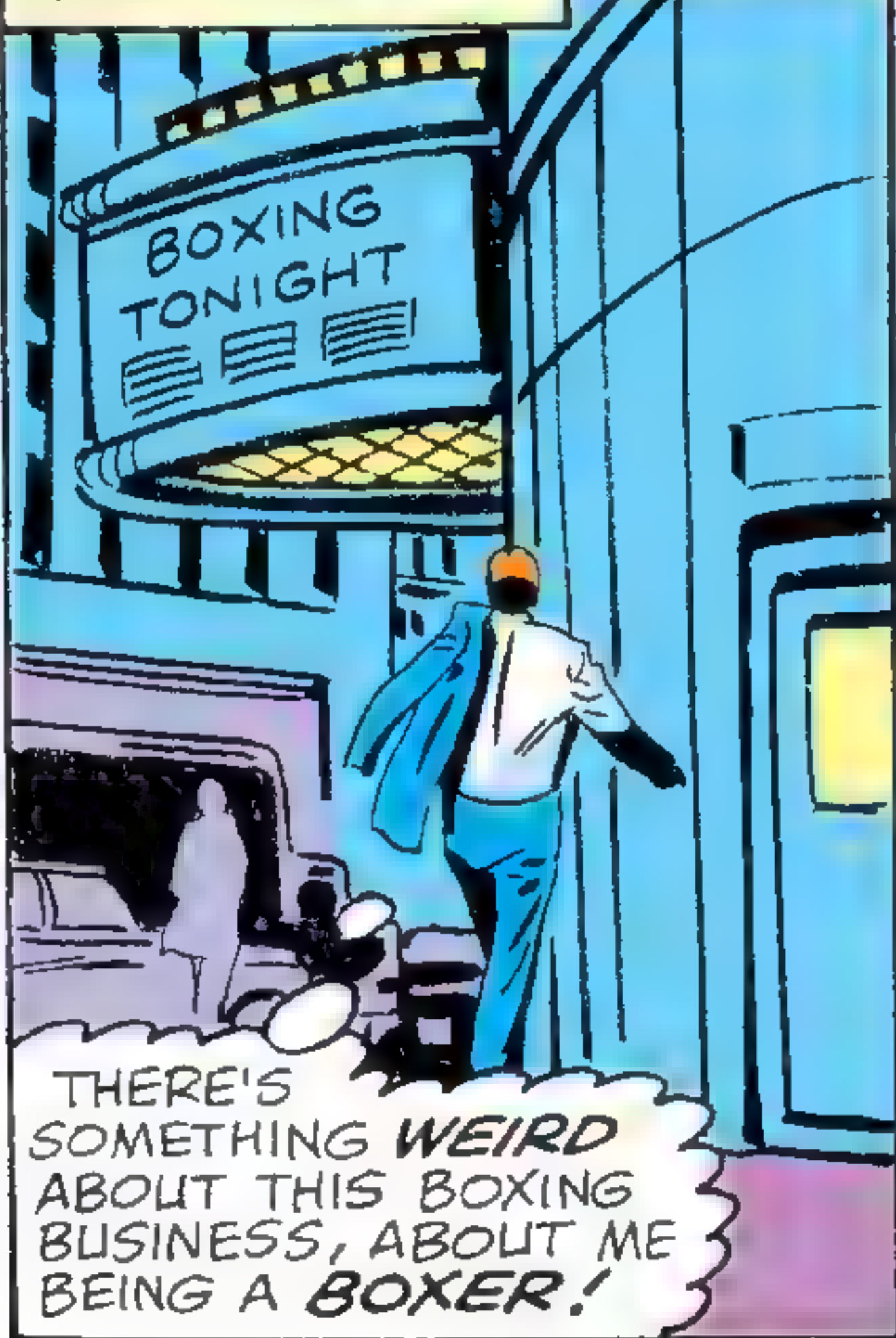
I-I-V'E GOT TO FIND OUT THE **TRUTH**, NO MATTER HOW PAINFUL IT MAY BE!



WHATEVER IT TAKES, I-V'E GOT TO FIND OUT!



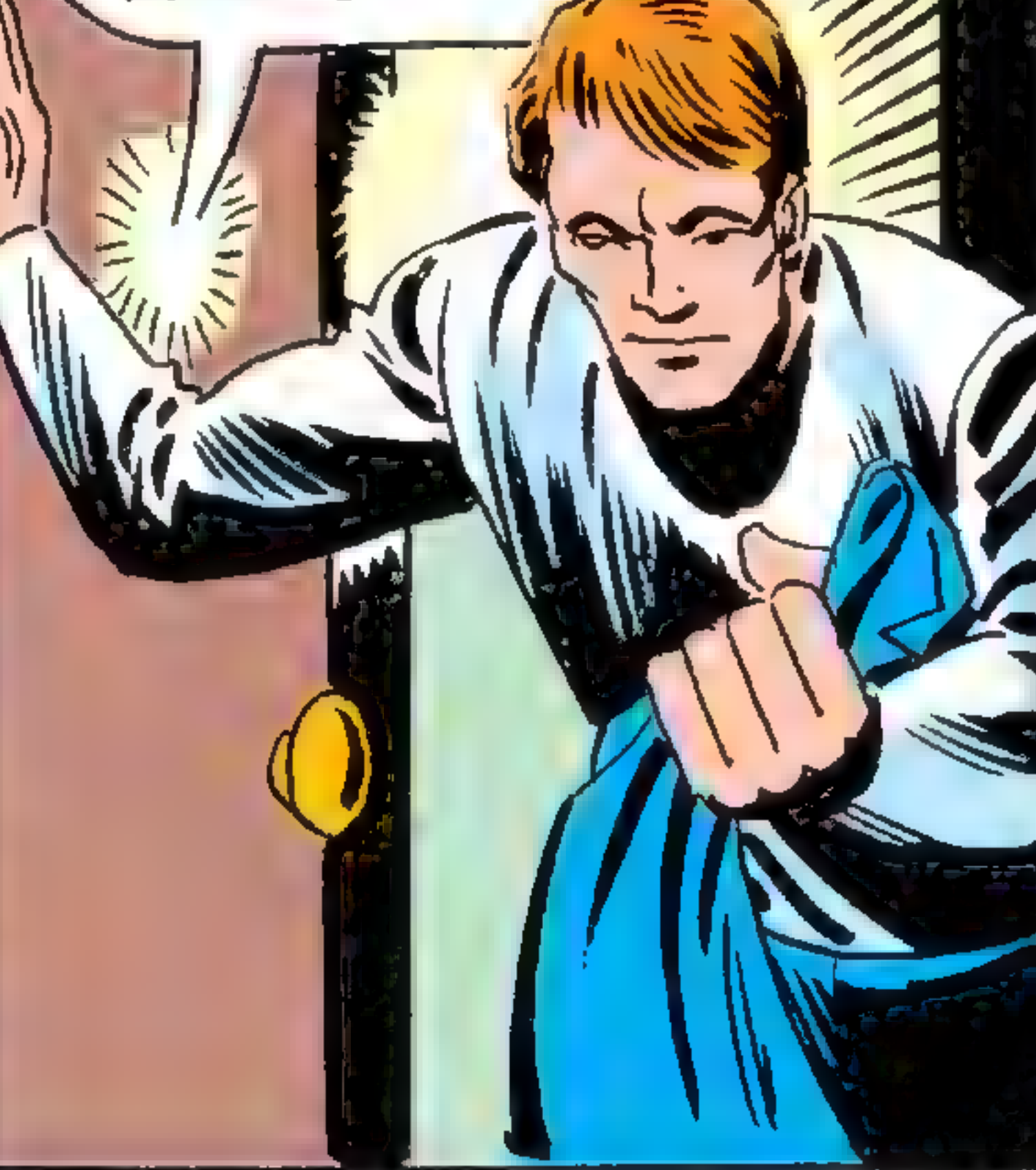
AND THEN, A FEW DAYS LATER, AS MATT MURDOCK REPORTS TO THE STADIUM FOR HIS MOST IMPORTANT FIGHT TO DATE...



IT'S SO **FAMILIAR** TO ME SOMEHOW, ALMOST AS IF I-V'E KNOWN ABOUT IT ALL MY LIFE, AS IF--



WE-V'E WORKED REAL **HARD** BUILDING THE KID UP AS A **CONTENDER!** SO FAR, HE'S WON EVERY **FIGHT** HE'S BEEN **IN!** THERE'LL BE BIG MONEY ON HIM TO **WIN** TONIGHT! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PULL THE **RUG** OUT...





--AND WE'LL CLEAN UP AROUND HERE JUST LIKE IT WAS **CHRISTMAS!**

WHAT IF HE DON'T GO FOR IT, MR. HYLE?



HE'LL GO FOR IT, OTHERWISE RAMONA HERE WILL TEAR HIS GUTS OUT!

W-WAIT A MINUTE, MR. HYLE! M-MAYBE YOU'RE MAKIN' A **MISTAKE** TO GO THIS DIVE ROUTE WITH THE KID!



I MEAN, THE KID'S **GREAT**, MR. HYLE! HE'S... HE'S A NATURAL TO BE A **CHAMP** SOMEDAY! I MEAN, WHY DON'T WE JUST PLAY IT **STRAIGHT** FOR ONCE, MR. HYLE? WHY--

RAMONA!



TEACH OUR FRIEND PUGGY WHO **RUNS** THIS ORGANIZATION, RAMONA!

N-NO! P-PLEASE, MR. HYLE! I--I WASN'T! I JUST--

GRRRRR



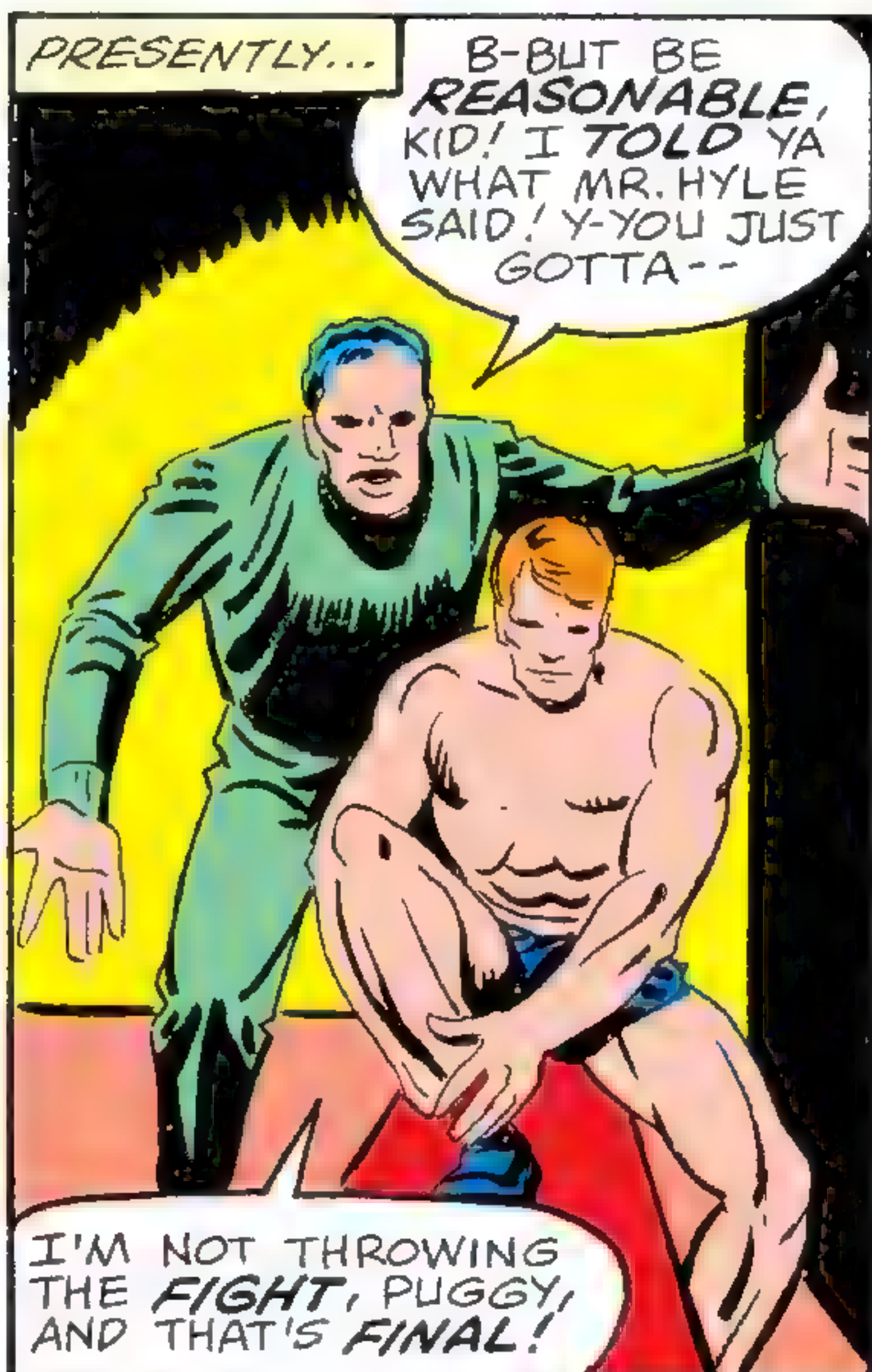
YOU **JUST**, ALL RIGHT! YOU JUST GET YOUR **BUTT** DOWN TO THE LOCKER ROOM AND TELL THAT KID HE'D BETTER THROW TONIGHT'S FIGHT, OR **ELSE!**

Y-YESSIR, MR. HYLE!



SO THAT'S IT! WITHOUT **KNOWING** IT, I'VE GOTTEN MYSELF INVOLVED WITH A BUNCH OF **CROOKS!**

WELL, THE FIGHT'S THE **LEAST** OF MY WORRIES! I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE **THAT!** BUT WHY DOES THIS WHOLE SITUATION HAVE SUCH AN EERIE **DÉJÀ VU** FEELING ABOUT IT--AS IF I'VE LIVED THROUGH IT **BEFORE?**



PRESENTLY...

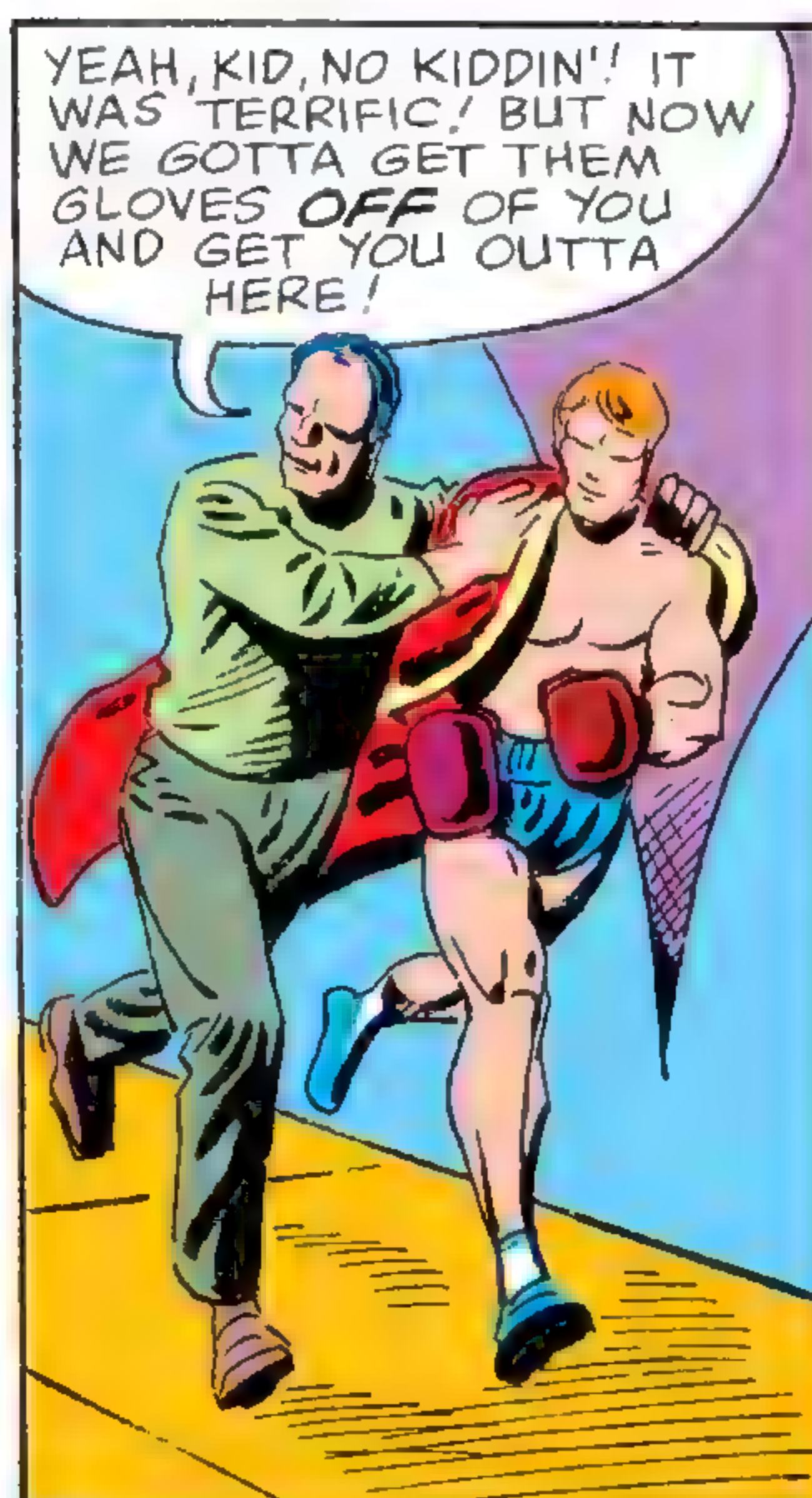
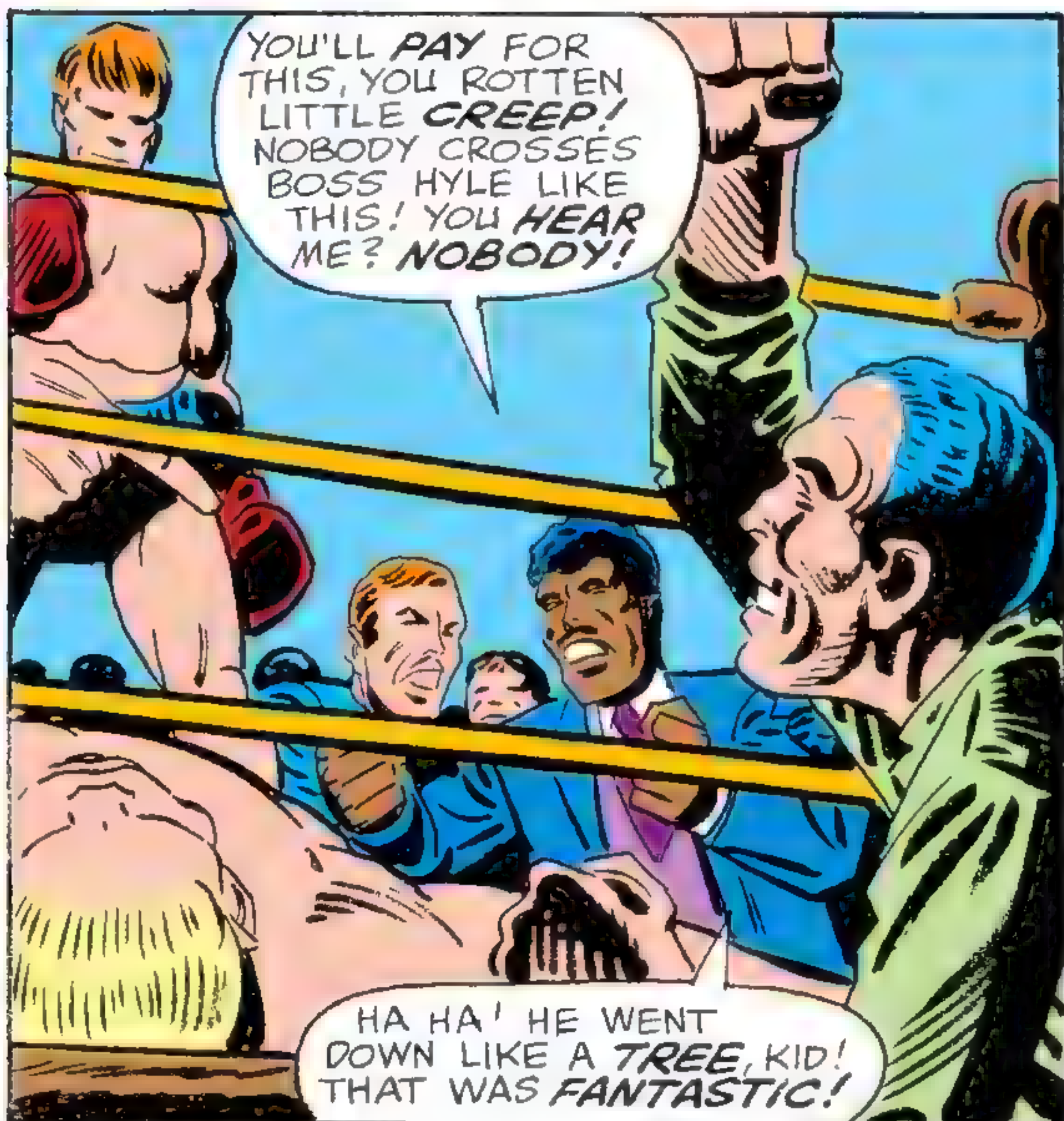
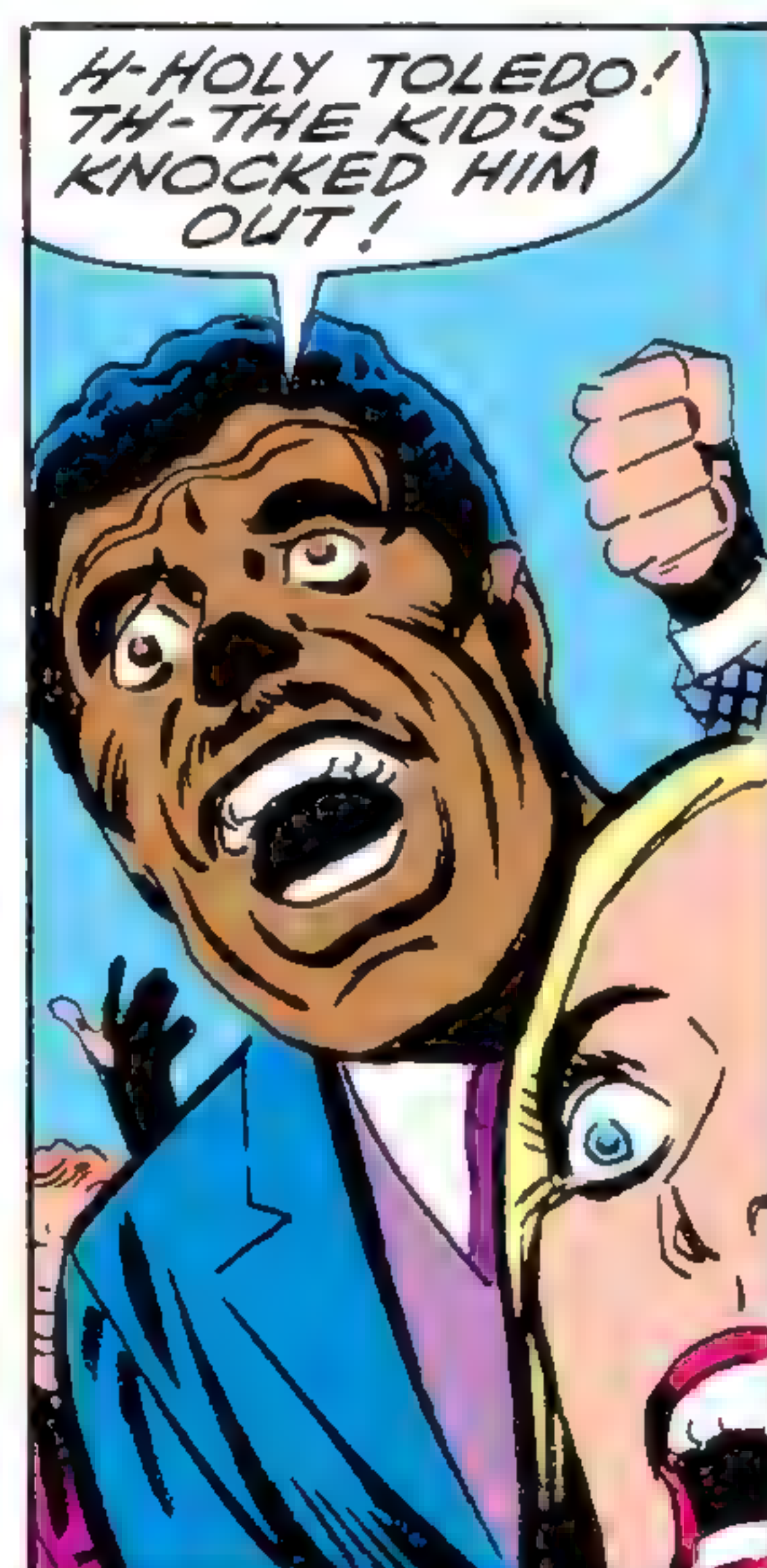
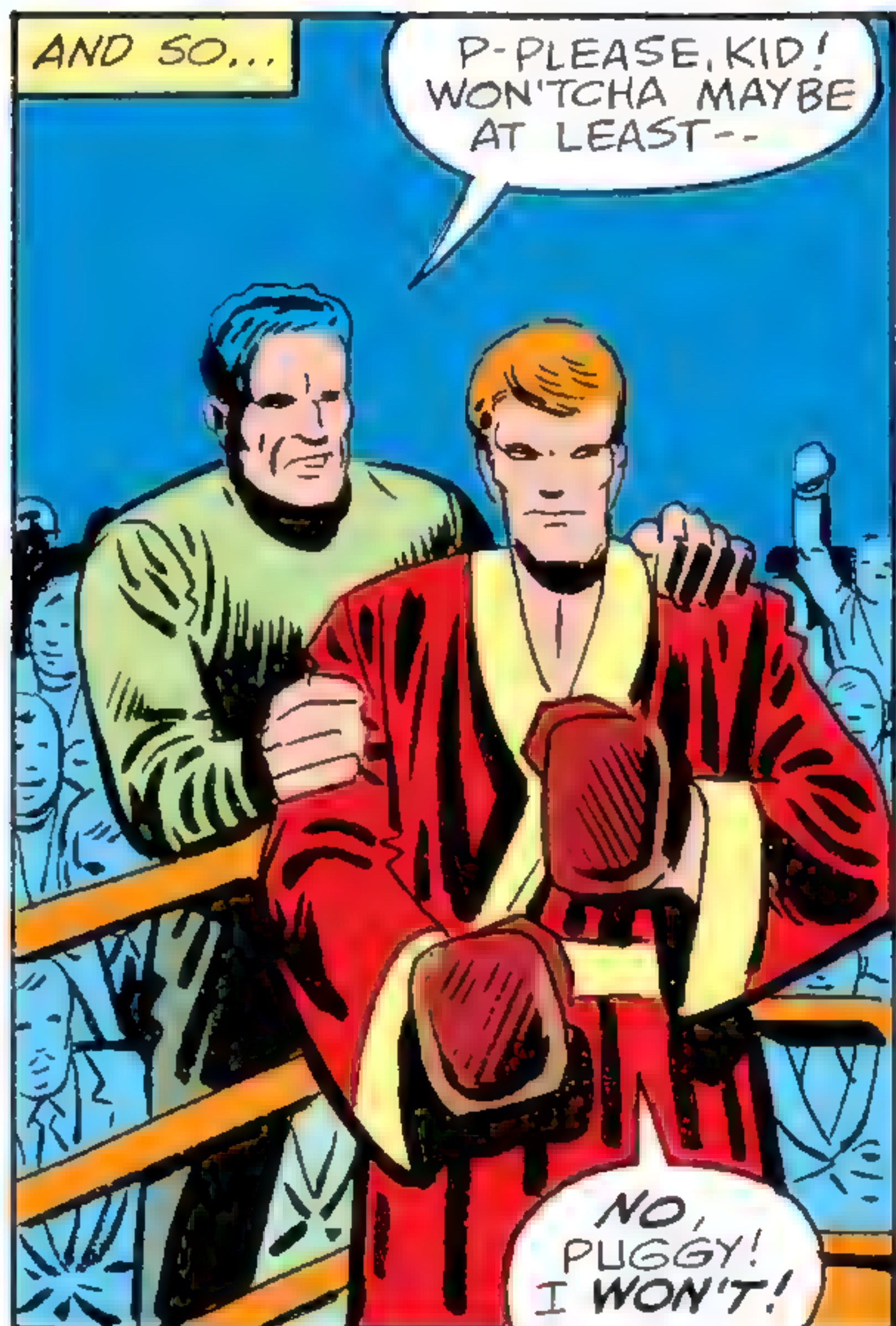
B-BUT BE **REASONABLE**, KID! I TOLD YA WHAT MR. HYLE SAID! Y-YOU JUST GOTTA--

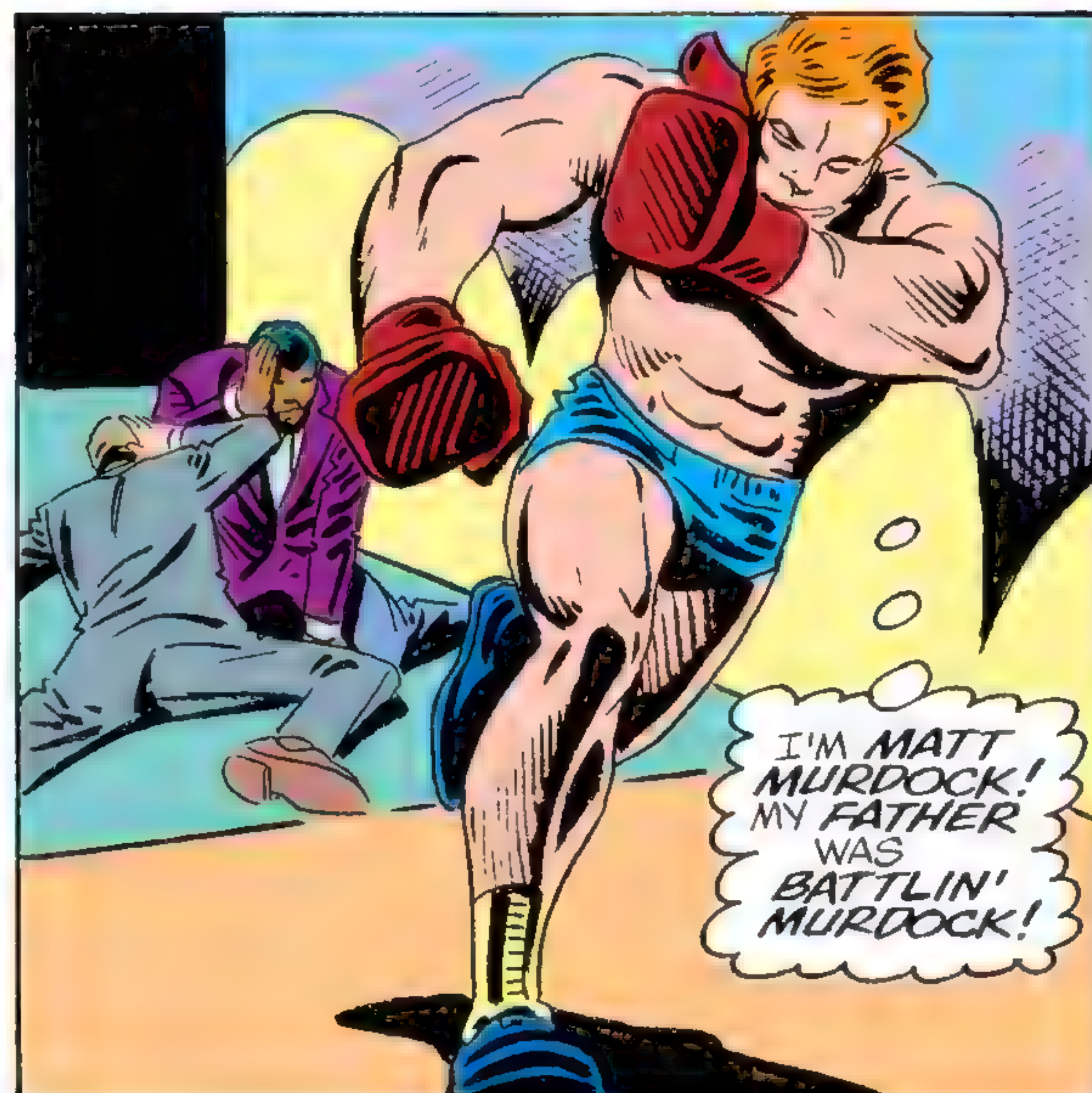
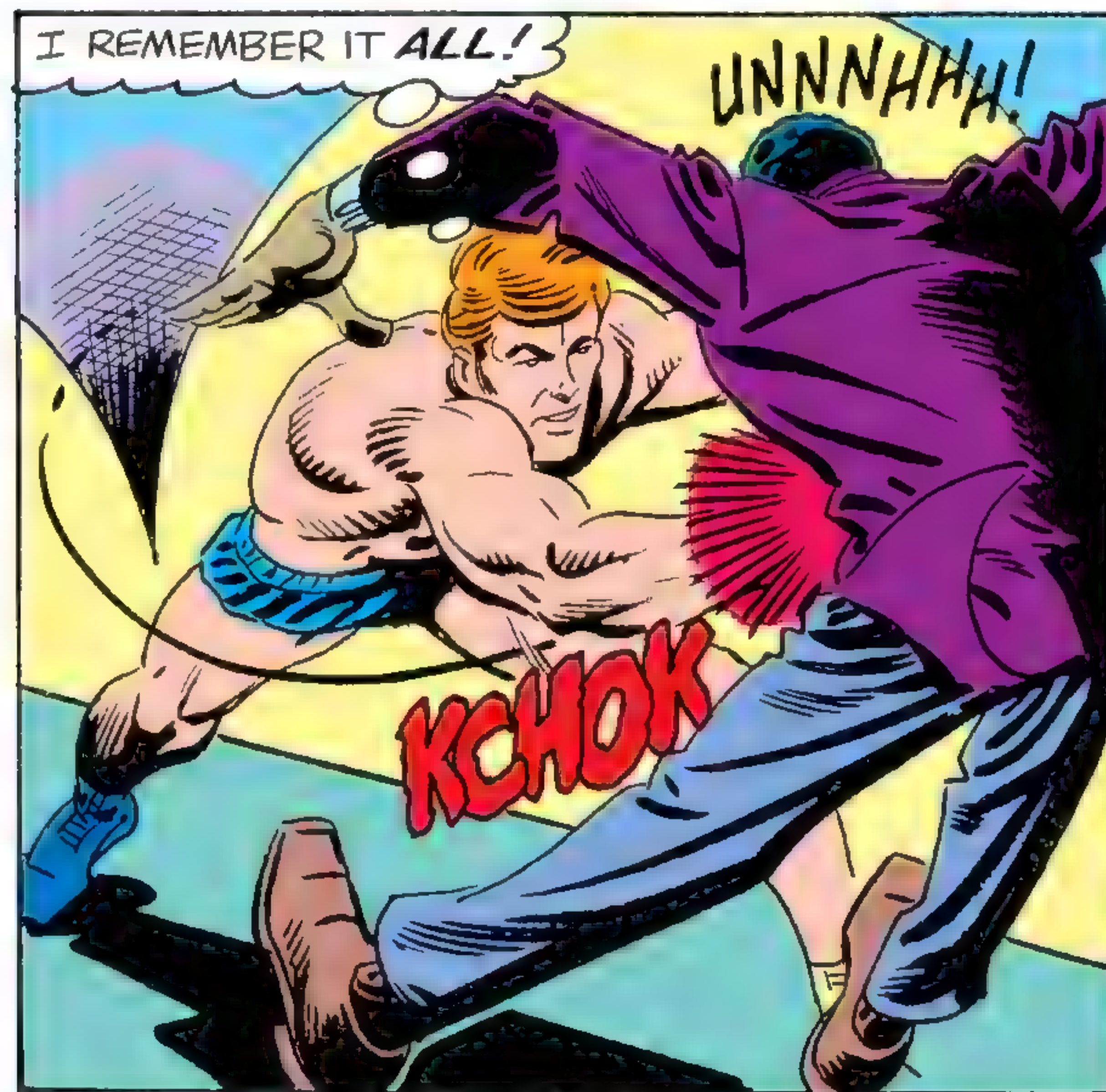
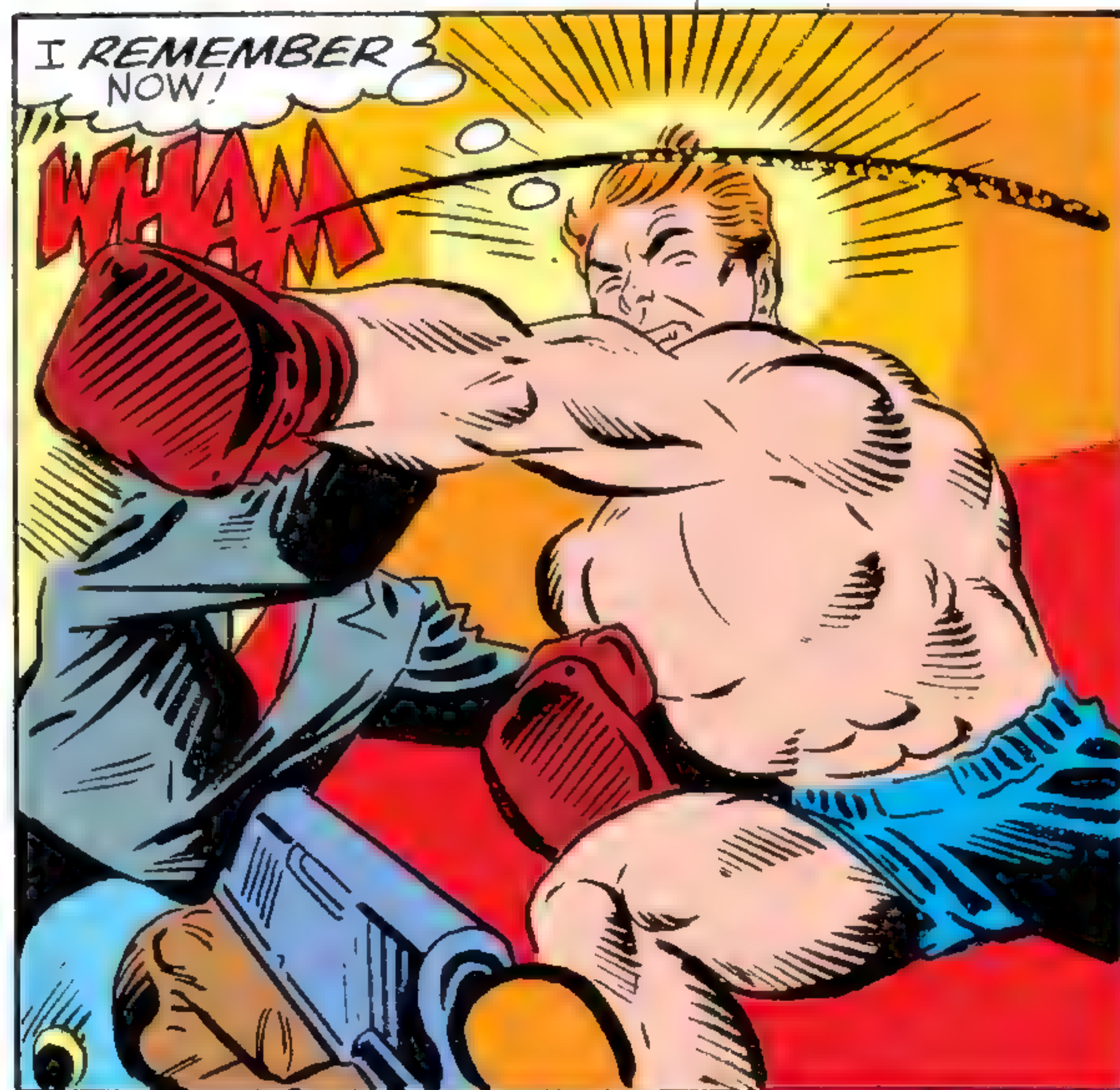
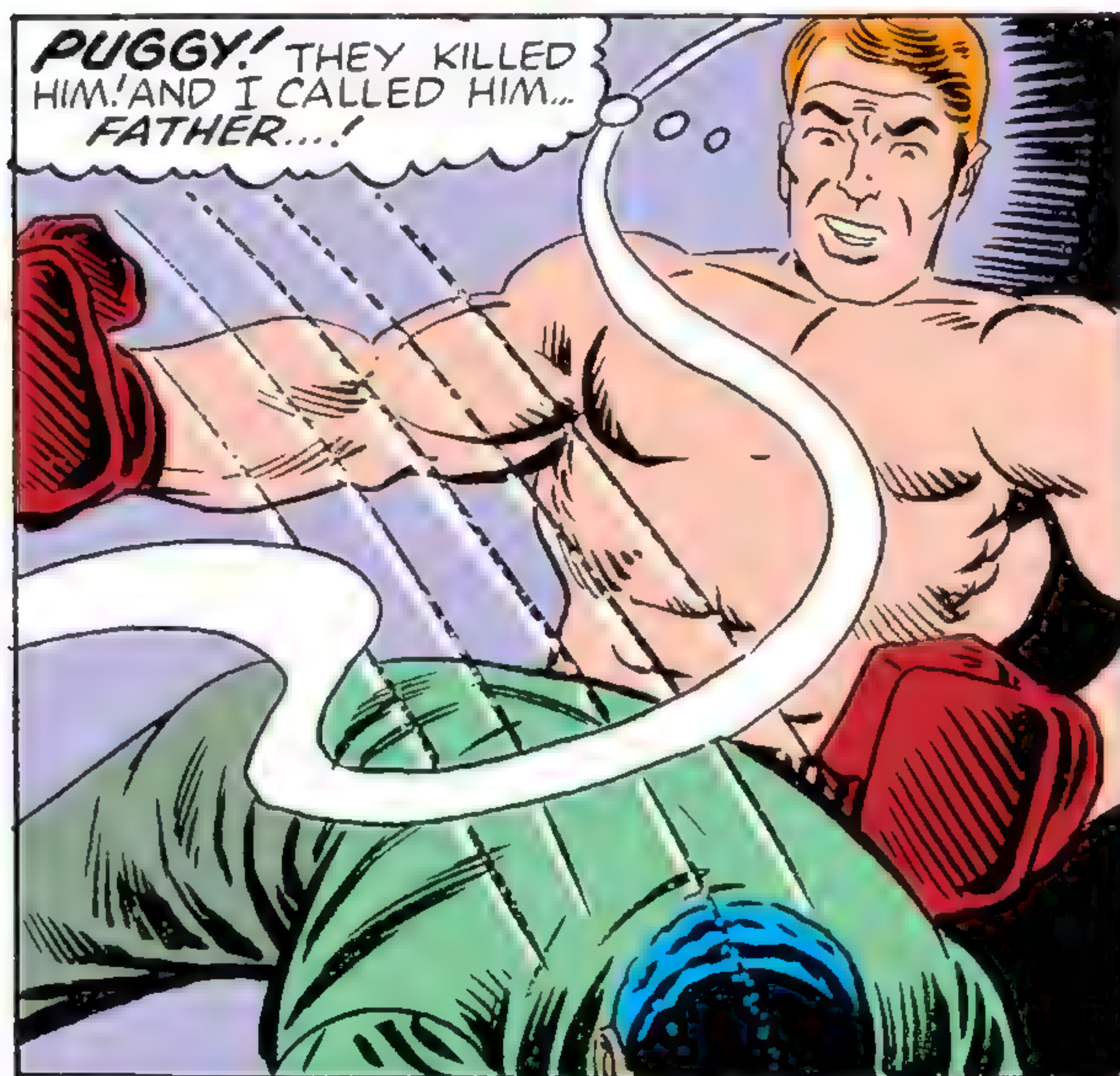
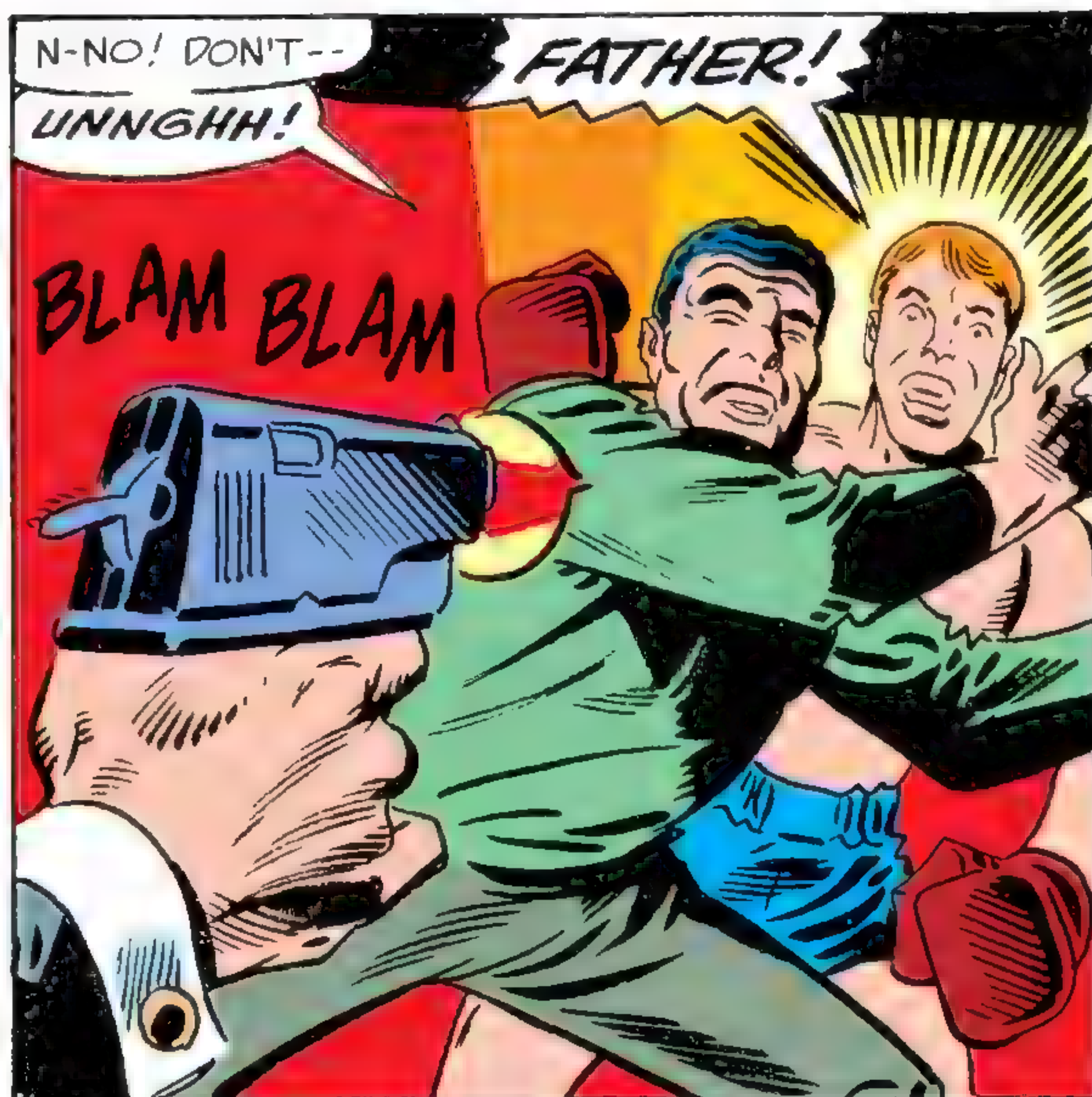
I'M NOT THROWING THE **FIGHT**, PUGGY, AND THAT'S **FINAL!**

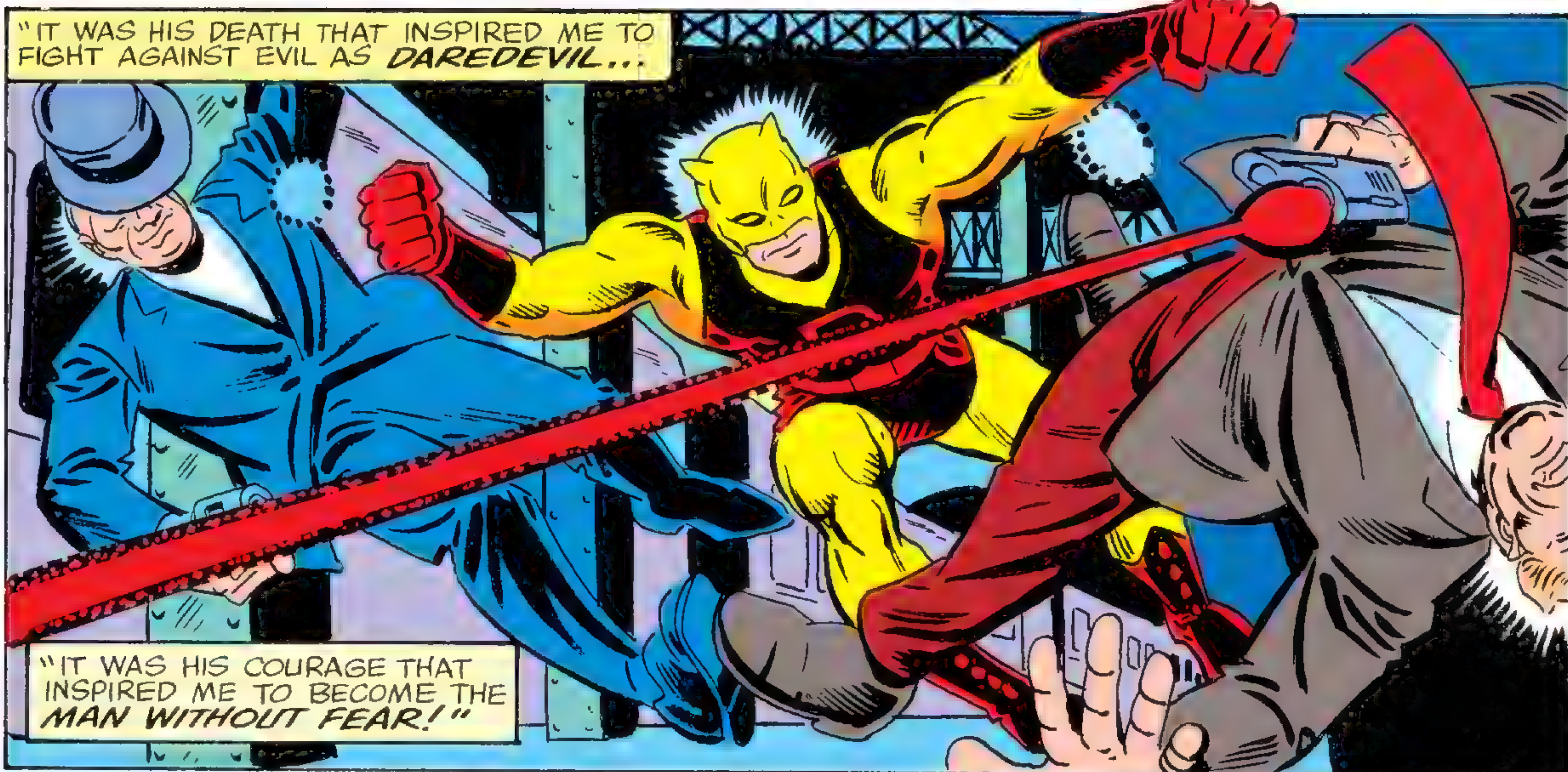
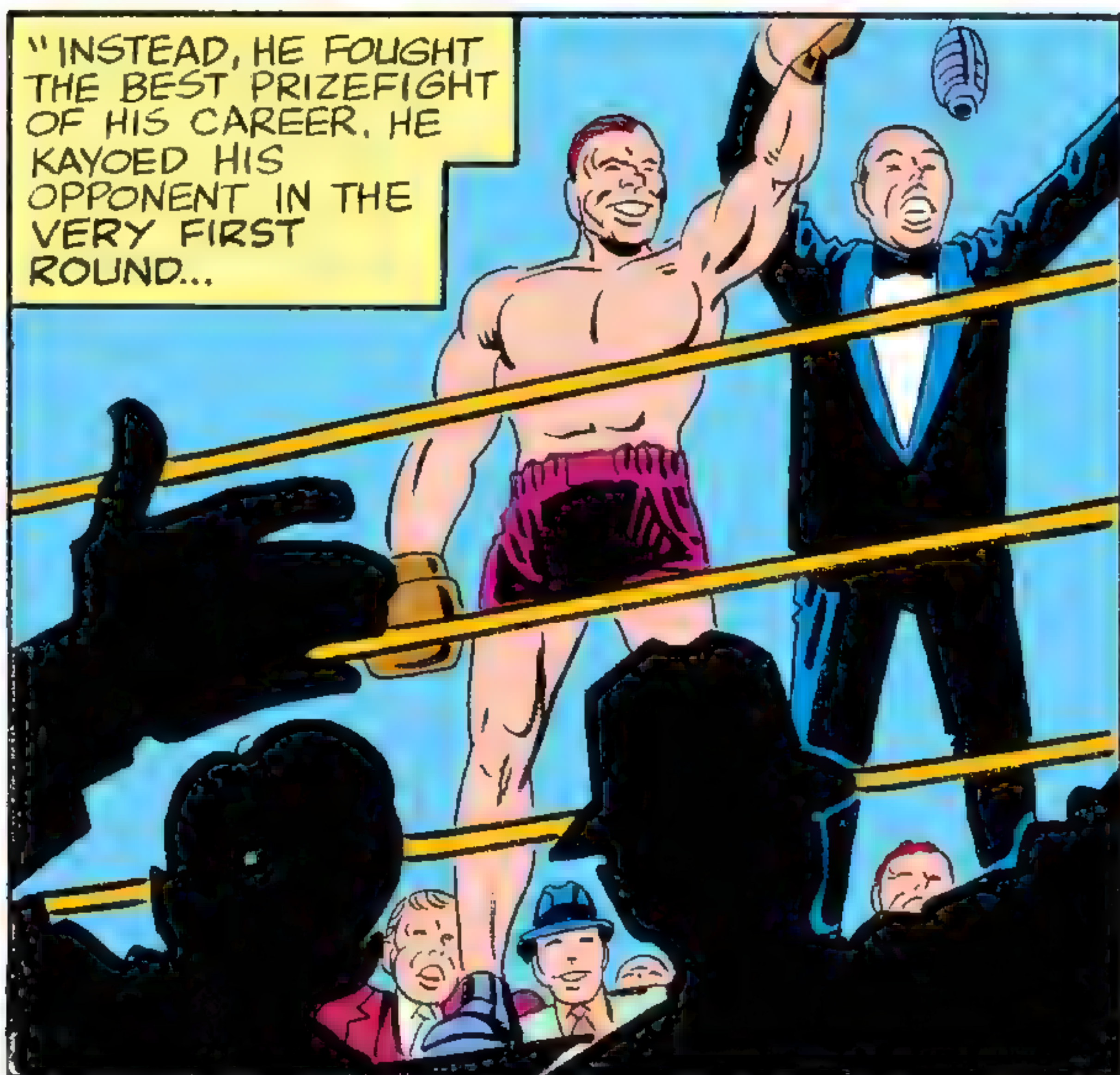
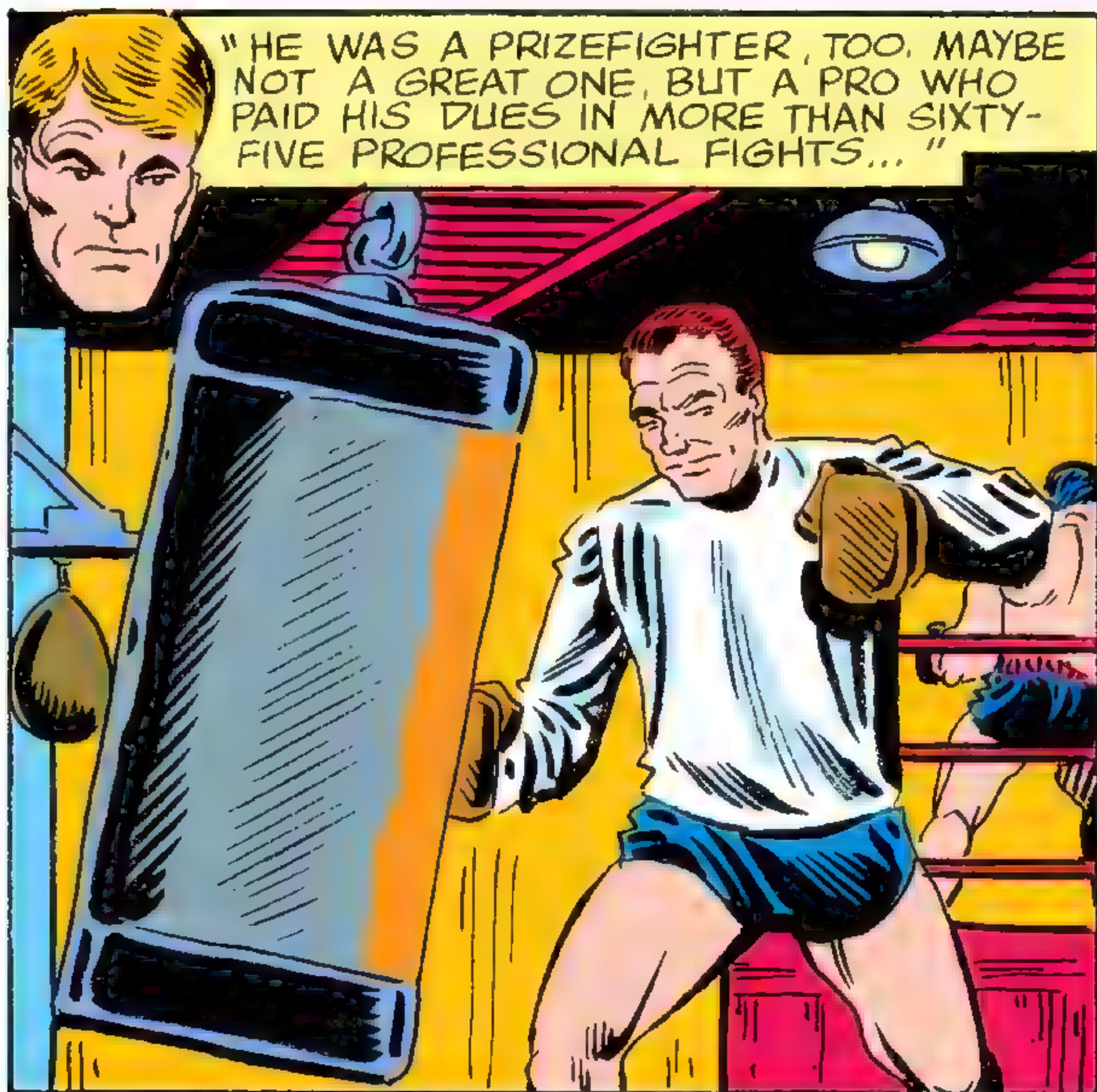


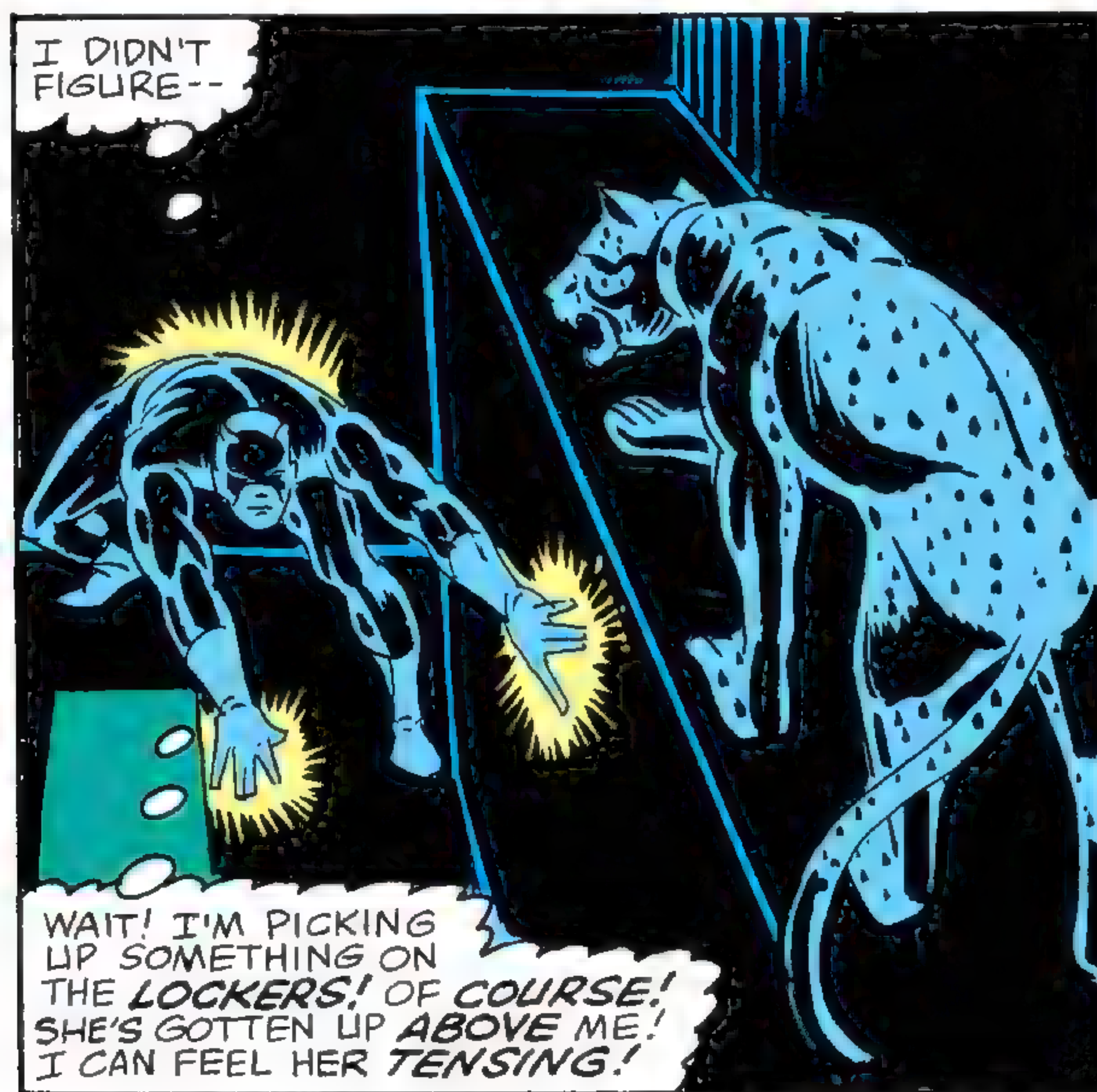
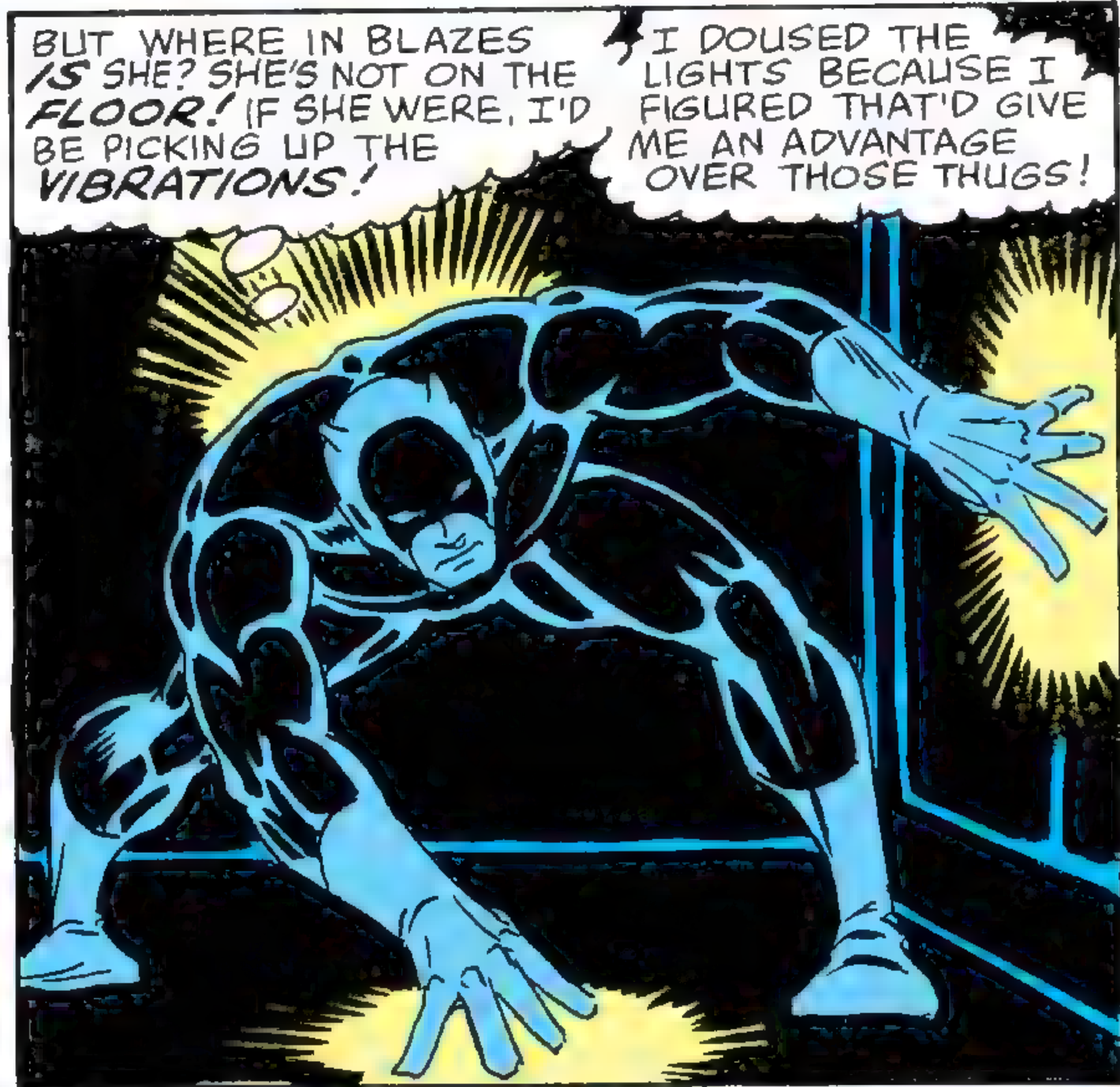
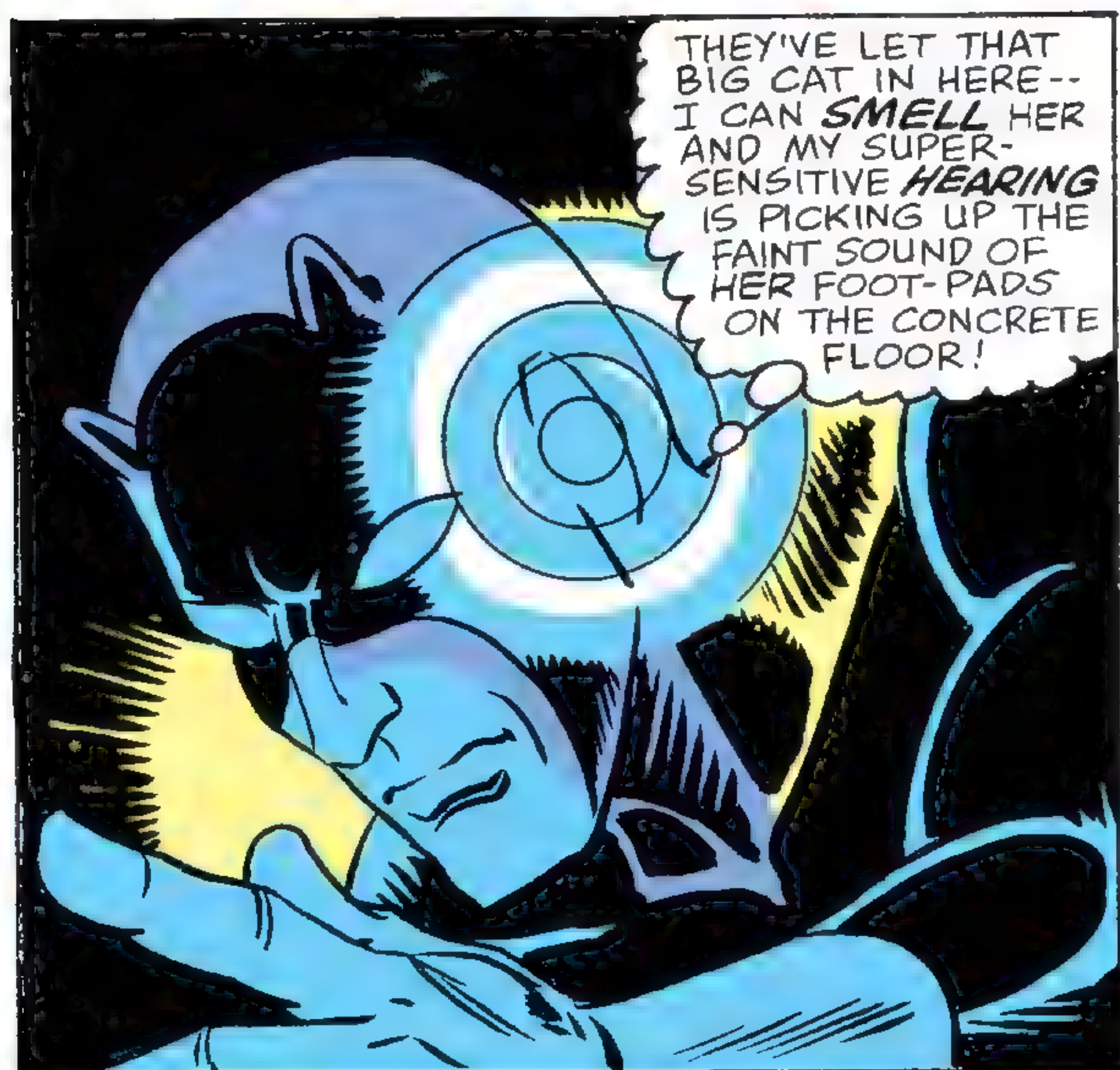
PLEASE, KID! I--I KNOW HOW YA **FEEL!** B-BUT YOU DON'T KNOW HYLE LIKE I DO, KID! HE'LL **KILL** YA!

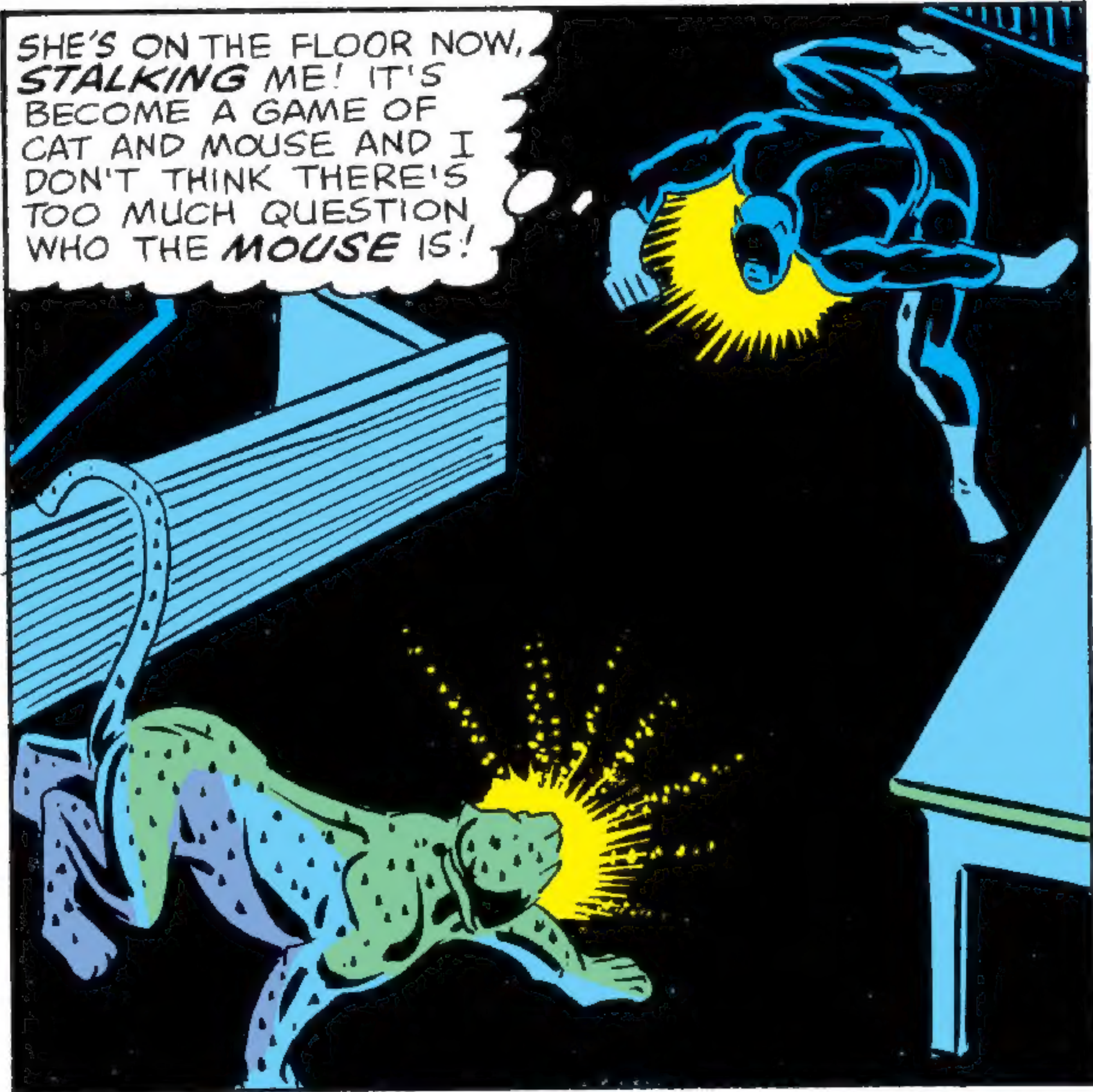
FORGET IT, PUGGY! I'M GOING OUT THERE TONIGHT AND I'M GOING TO **WIN!**











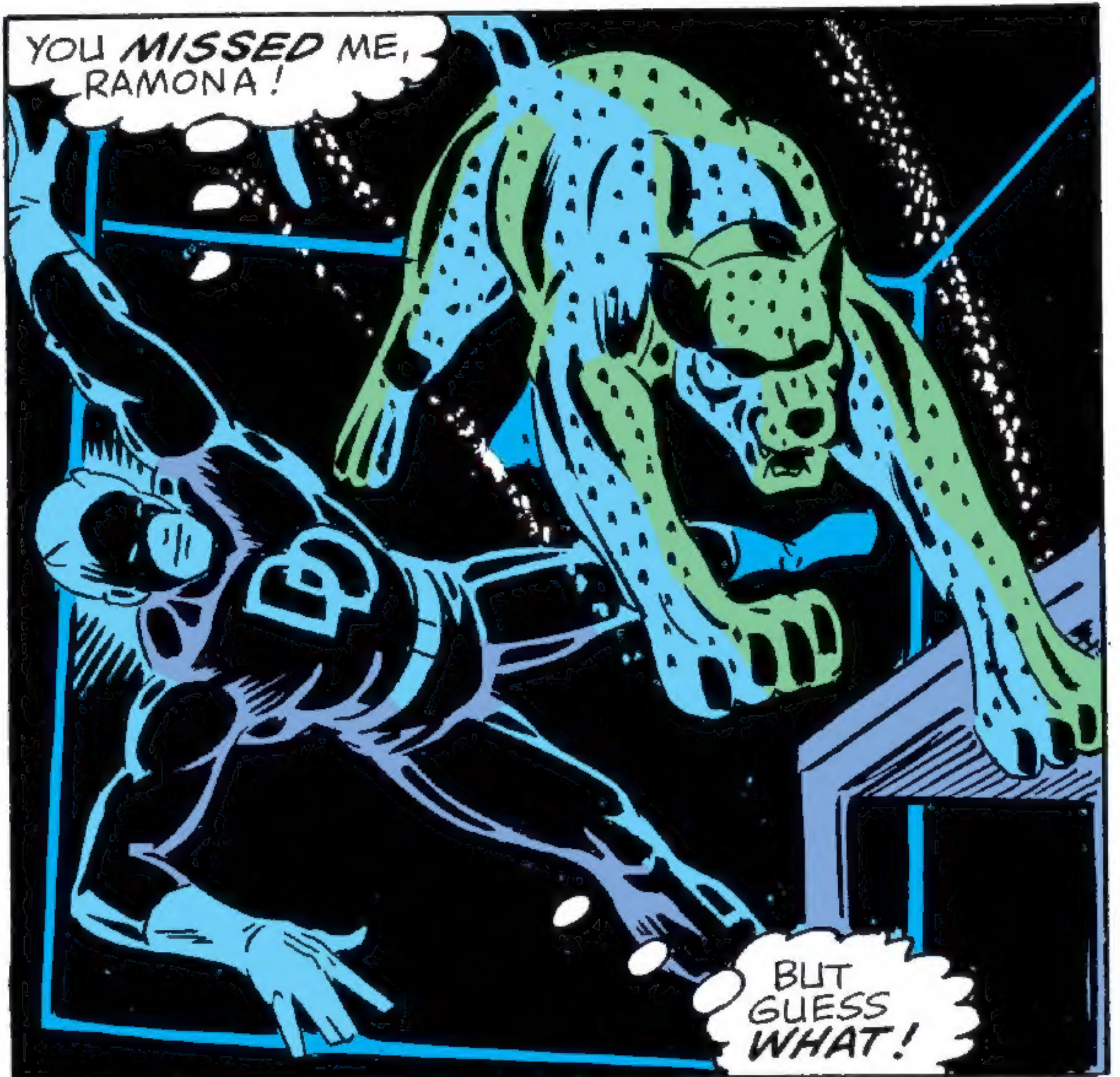
SHE'S ON THE FLOOR NOW, **STALKING** ME! IT'S BECOME A GAME OF CAT AND MOUSE AND I DON'T THINK THERE'S TOO MUCH QUESTION WHO THE **MOUSE** IS!



THERE SHE IS! SHE'S SIX FEET AWAY, ALL FOUR PAWS ON THE GROUND, COILED TO **SPRING**! IF I WANT TO STAY **ALIVE** I'D BETTER TIME THIS PERFECTLY!



HERE SHE COMES! SHE'S IN THE **AIR** NOW! GETTING **CLOSER**! THREE FEET... TWO FEET...



YOU **MISSED** ME, **RAMONA**!

BUT GUESS WHAT!



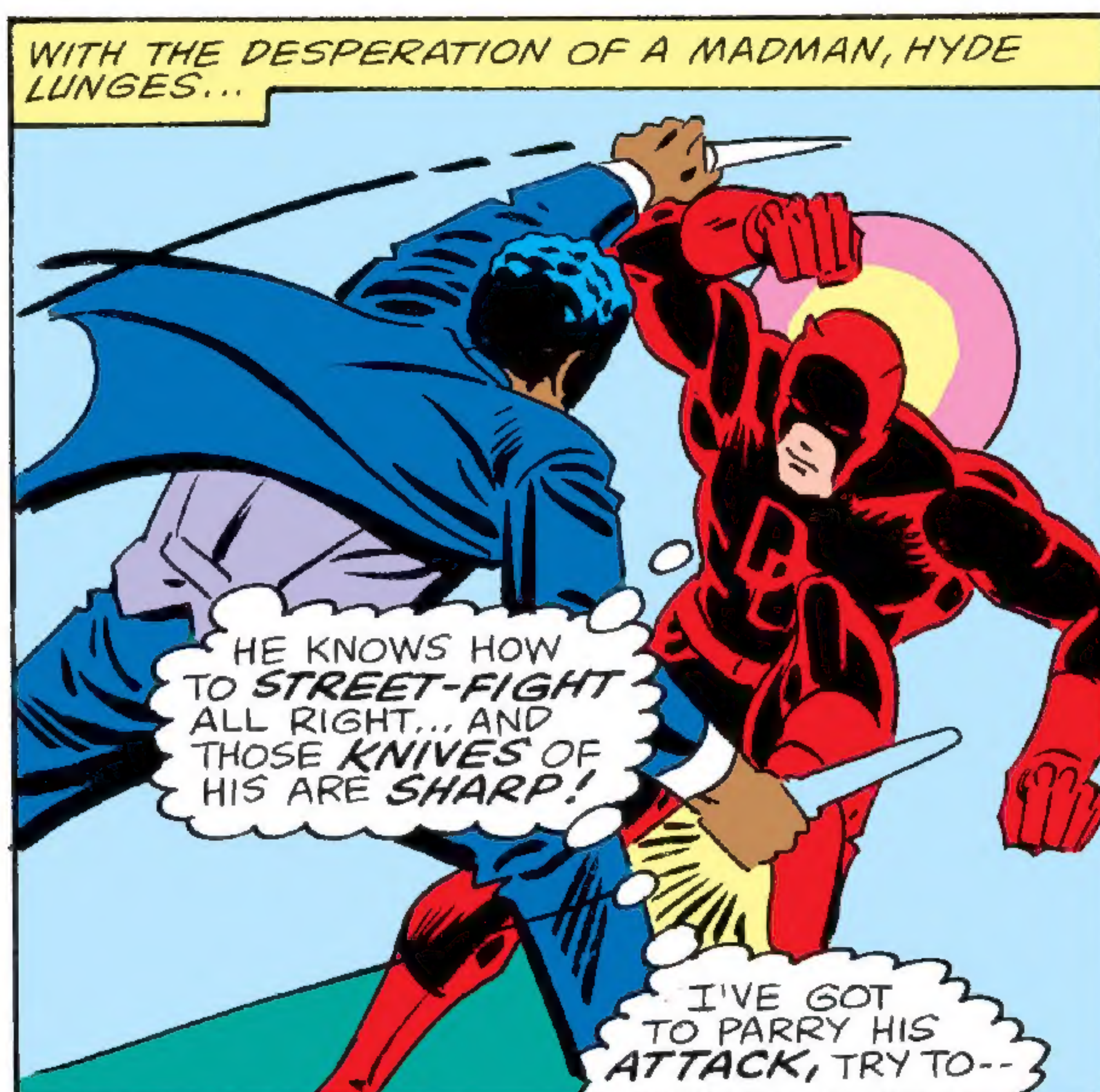
THAT'S **RIGHT**, **KITTY** CAT! I'VE GOT YOU!



BUT NOW THAT I'VE **GOT** YOU, WHAT AM I GOING TO **DO** WITH YOU?



HEH HEH! HEAR ALL THAT **SNARLING** AND **GROWLING**, BOYS? THAT MEANS OLD **RAMONA** IS BUSY CHEWING THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING **PUNK** INTO A PILE OF **GAINESBURGERS**!





THAT **SOUND!** WHAT IN BLAZES--?!

SNIK!



A RAZOR-SHARP **PROJECTILE** SHOOTING OFF THE BLADE OF HIS KNIFE--!



GOT TO **MOVE--** AND **FAST--**



HUNH--!?

--KNOCK HIM DOWN -- BEFORE HE CAN TRIGGER ANY MORE OF THOSE BLADES!



SENT REELING OFF-BALANCE BY THE FORCE OF DAREDEVIL'S BLOW, THE DAGGER-WIELDING RACKET CZAR WHIRLS, AND, AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT--

GASP! I-I-V E STABBED **RAMONA!**

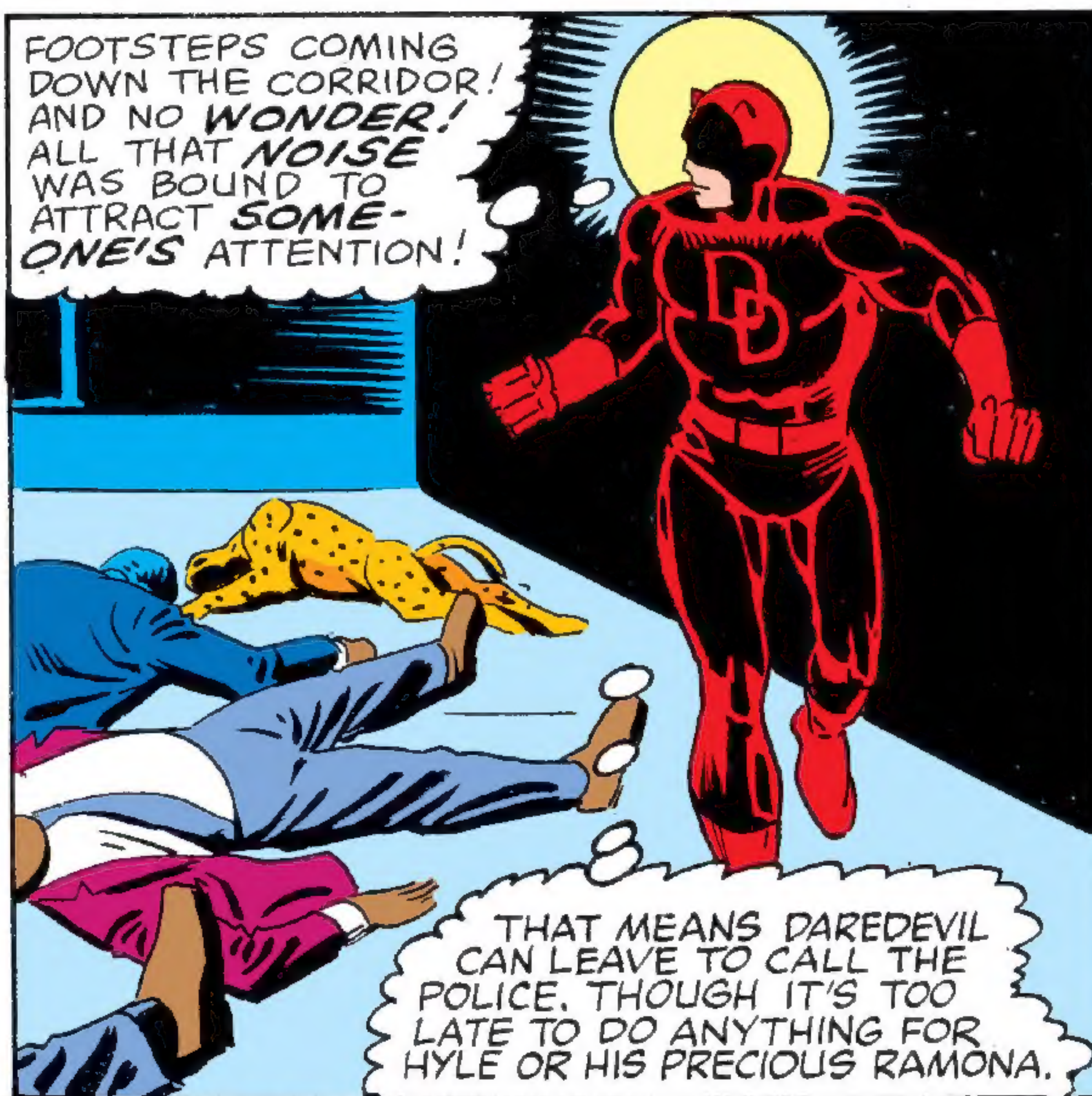
RRHHURR



REFLEXIVELY, THE POWERFUL CAT LASHES OUT AT ITS TORMENTOR, AND...

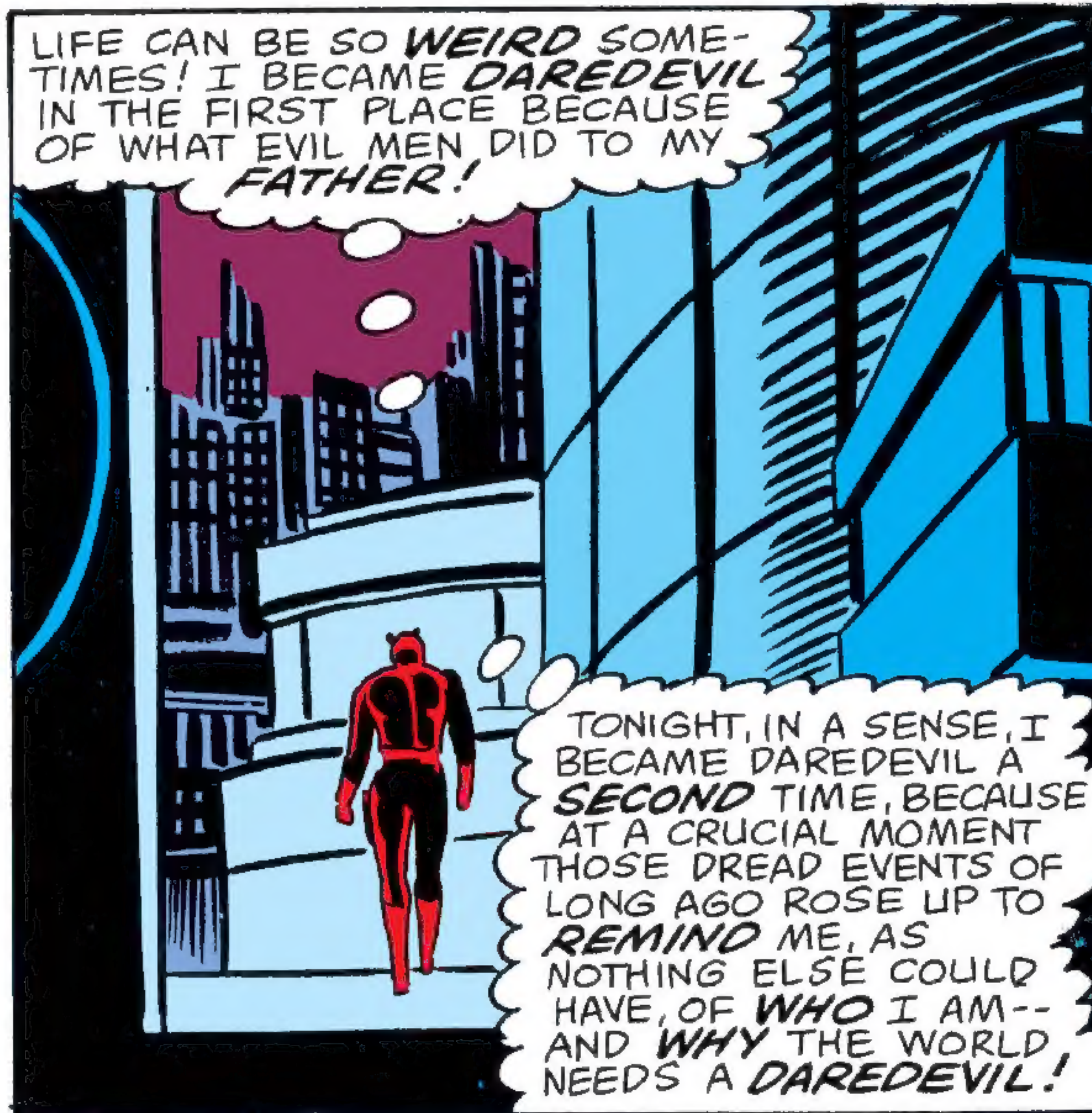
YAAAAAHHH

GRRRRRR



FOOTSTEPS COMING DOWN THE CORRIDOR! AND NO **WONDER!** ALL THAT **NOISE** WAS BOUND TO ATTRACT **SOME-ONE'S** ATTENTION!

THAT MEANS DAREDEVIL CAN LEAVE TO CALL THE POLICE, THOUGH IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING FOR HYLE OR HIS PRECIOUS RAMONA.



LIFE CAN BE SO **WEIRD** SOME-TIMES! I BECAME **DAREDEVIL** IN THE FIRST PLACE BECAUSE OF WHAT EVIL MEN DID TO MY **FATHER!**

TONIGHT, IN A SENSE, I BECAME DAREDEVIL A **SECOND** TIME, BECAUSE AT A CRUCIAL MOMENT THOSE DREAD EVENTS OF LONG AGO ROSE UP TO **REMIND** ME, AS NOTHING ELSE COULD HAVE, OF **WHO** I AM-- AND **WHY** THE WORLD NEEDS A **DAREDEVIL!**

